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LITTLE WHITE LIES

Truth & Movies

the
an education issue

THE AN EDUCATION
ISSUE: IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE
A NEW GENERATION OF YOUNG
BRITISH ACTORS. 024 CAREY
MULLIGAN. 032 AARON JOHNSON.
036 KATIE JARVIS. 040 HARRY
TREADAWAY. 044 RIZ AHMED. 048
ANDREA RISEBOROUGH. 052 ED
HOGG. 056 RACHEL HURD-WOOD.
120 PAGES: HONEST,
PASSIONATE, UNMERCIFUL.



JEAN MARTEL COLLEGE
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The background of the image is a repeating pattern. It features a woman's face with dark hair and a neutral expression, surrounded by pink roses and green leaves. This pattern is repeated across the entire image. Overlaid on the right side of the image is a quote in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters.

**"IF WE
NEVER DID
ANYTHING, WE
WOULDN'T BE
ANYONE."**

CHAPTER ONE

~~~~~
in which we

DISCUSS:

"AN EDUCATION"

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A photograph of Carey Mulligan and Saoirse Ronan in a scene from the movie 'The Invisible Woman'. They are lying on a stone surface, looking at the camera. Carey is wearing a dark blue dress, and Saoirse is wearing a colorful, patterned dress. A hand is visible on the left, holding a small pink button with a heart and the word 'lover' on it. Another hand is visible on the right, holding a red flower. The text 'CAREY MULLIGAN'S STAR-MAKING PERFORMANCE LIGHTS UP A TALE OF INNOCENCE LOST' is overlaid on the right side of the image.

CAREY MULLIGAN'S
STAR-MAKING
PERFORMANCE
LIGHTS UP A TALE
OF INNOCENCE LOST

Here's the thing about *An Education*: it's a good film, even a very good film — one that deftly recaptures the idea of the 1960s and reshapes it into something fresh and unexpected. But that's not why you should see it. You should see it because this is the film that introduces the world to Carey Mulligan.

Back in January, Mulligan's star power ignited the Sundance Film Festival, making her the new hot ticket of indie cinema. The 24-year-old British actress paid her dues doing costume dramas (*Black Horse*, *Pride & Prejudice*) and Sunday night lunch (*Doctor Who*), but here she makes the move from small screen to large with effortless grace. That's one small step for her, one giant leap for a new generation of young British actors.

She plays 15-year-old Jenny, a youthful incarnation of Observer columnist Lynn Barber, whose autobiographical memoir *I've Been Instructed* by director Lone Scherfig and writer Nick Hornby. That memoir was a stark self-appraisal of adolescence, but that begins in the modest surroundings of suburban Stockenham in 1961.

This is England, post-war but pre liberation, before the '60s started to swing. This is a decade stripped of pretensions by a Danish director with an outsider's eye. Here, on the sun-soaked fields of a fallen empire, everything is stuck in the mud — from a license (all chased through swollen puddles) to the hopes and dreams of a generation trapped somewhere between the old and the new. ☛

"CAREY MULLIGAN MAKES THE MOVE FROM SMALL SCREEN TO LARGE WITH EFFORTLESS GRACE. THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR HER, ONE GIANT LEAP FOR A NEW GENERATION OF YOUNG BRITISH ACTORS."



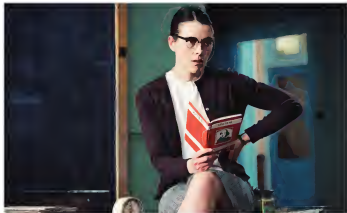


But *Jenny* tells the stories of impetuous confidence that will come to define the decade. She runs away on July 4th at her prep girls' school, steals Mr. Horn's car on the night of Elton John's "Nikita," and declares, "I'm pregnant!" But none of these tales, pure or half-pretended, will rub her. It's the story that the tabloid magazines and old-fashioned gossip will have been waiting for: how badly she does.

Jenny McHugh is the Zone. In the 1970s, Sengstacker, an editor from Chicago, would spend one day in Hollywood, and "if a girl went looking for confidence, she'd find it there," says Sengstacker. "She'd find it with a husband's father-in-law, the studio boss, the mother-in-law, or the teacher to 'help' her, something that she could use to get away from her father's control." Jenny McHugh is the girl who finds her confidence in the arms of David, the man who is the most powerful man in the room. David is the man who is the most powerful man in the room. David is the man who is the most powerful man in the room.

It's not just Jenny who is so confident. Set against the new life of discovery—fine art auctions, weekends in Oxford, a trip to Paris—in Jenny's home life, suddenly punctuated by David's father-in-law, she finds a new life. David is the man who is the most powerful man in the room. David is the man who is the most powerful man in the room. David is the man who is the most powerful man in the room.

Robert's mother is as much her parent's story as her own—her father to see through David, even as he's behind of their daughter. But the film takes a more sympathetic view of the fear and self-loathing of the middle classes, turning into the face of a beautiful woman. "All my life I've lived in fear," admits Mollie—the last of her own memories passed on to her children has a gentle dream.



Their failure is a lesson that every child has to learn – that your parents are no less fallible, no less gullible than you are. But the inevitability of that lesson doesn't make it any less painful. Especially for Jenny, once so secure in her own sophistication, now so ashamed of being foolish, but even more ashamed of being forgotten.

These are the scenes in which Mulgrew excels, giving wonderful clarity to Jenny's inner life. Schofield has the sense and the confidence to shoot her in close-up, allowing us to absorb the nuances of the performance. Mulgrew's grey beauty will draw comparisons to Audrey Hepburn, and it's no exaggeration to say that she can live with them.

Filtered through Jenny's delighted eyes, this familiar era comes alive, seeming new and exciting even to an audience saturated with images and memories of the decade. Mulgrew's command of her features is extraordinary – the slightest widening of the mouth, the merest twitch of an eyebrow, the tiny parting of her lips, all perfectly capturing Jenny's mixture of knowing and naivety.

In contrast, Peter Sarsgaard struggles in a role for which he's ill-suited, looking both the charmer and the agent-to-consume as David. His casting is a frustrating mistake when there's any number of English actors who would have done a better job. Not least Dermot Mulroney, who impresses in his wistful role.

But it's the women who matter most. Jenny's relationships with the women in her life define her every bit as much as her doomed romance with David. As her mother, Maryona, Cassa Seymour is a great performance swings between pride and pain – the hopes and fears of a woman desperately trying to understand her young daughter but really lacking the freedom to do so.

Kenna Thompson is a gem as the headteacher warning Jenny of the consequences of her newfound intellectual streak. But her air of authority

is easily undermined by her failure to answer Jenny's simple, searching question, faced with a choice between fun and boredom, why should she give up so much for so little? Even so, Thompson gets the film's signature line, replying to Jenny's concerns that she must consider her a "ruined woman": "Oh no," she says. "I don't think you're a woman at all."

But Jenny's conflict is most keenly felt through the twin influences of her teacher, Miss Stubbs (Olivia Williams), and David's friend Helen. Miss Stubbs, with her cooped-back hair and thick black glasses, her pursed lips and her Cambridge education, negates everything that Jenny used to want and has come to despise. Helen, by contrast, is a beautiful, warmhearted girl. But both, in their way, will confound Jenny's projections. It is Helen who effortlessly skewers Jenny's intellectual pretensions and teaches her paradoxically to be herself. Miss Stubbs, similarly, will show Jenny that looks can be deceiving.

If it all ends a bit too neatly (with a fabulously scored montage straight out of the Richard Gere playbook), Barber's own story really did end on an uplifting beat. What began as a tale of innocence lost ends with a sense of exciting discovery. Because the lesson to take away from *An Education* is that a new man has been found. **Mark Buchanan**

Anticipation All the talk from Sundance 2008 was of the discovery of a major workaholic in the shape of Greta Gerwig. **B**

Suspense The talk was right enough the film itself a tighter than tin can. **B**

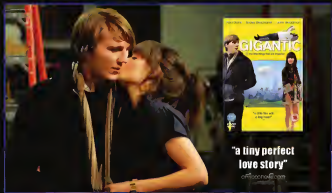
In retrospect *An Education* will be remembered as the launch pad of a new career more than the memory of the film itself looks. **B**

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Chapter 2

IN WHICH
WE



→ INTRODUCE ←

Ourselves

IMMies:

What is it you love about movies?

Lone Schanfigs

There are words I keep returning to -
trust and innocence. And then I say to myself,
'Don't be pretentious, don't be over-emotional,'
but that's exactly what I'm doing. That's what
you get when you've shot films for as long as
I have. You return... It's not about the
technical elements. Of course, it is when you
start there, but afterwards you have to always
be able to experience things with the audience's
eyes, and get those qualities. You said,
'What is it you love about films?' Filmmaking is
in some way an act of love. It's generosity;
it's believing that the audience will laugh at
what you wanted them to laugh at. That they will
understand a joke even if it's understated,
and that you don't need to over-clarify things -
they will want to understand, and they will
understand. The greatest joy of filmmaking is
the joy of giving something to someone,
or sharing something with someone,
or presenting something to somebody.



Respect, personal and wonderful



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Seven Like You Right - we'll be introducing the city to some **Wynona** and **Pine** stories. There's also an exclusive event with filmmaker **Stephen Freese** and **Patricia Smith** as he returns for a second year with a dream-like selection of films inspired by **Substance**. If you're lucky enough to have a ticket, see it and you there. Thanks to **Warp Films**, **Hydrex**, **Metroweb**, **Index Bureau**, **Warp**, **Wine** or **Media Entertainment** and **Wine** for looking us up with the film.



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CHAPTER 3
in which
we discuss
THEMES
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OUR

Watch This Face

These are the new VBAs - the Young British Actors stamping their authority over the landscape of our cinema. Tomorrow belongs to them.



Carey Mulligan

Rita Svinggaard and Lone Starvig introduce us to Carey Mulligan - the acting sensation set to take the world by storm.

Words = Moll Badenoch + Photography = Kim Salmon / *aperture*







"Pack, she's great."

Peter Bergsgaard's initial reaction on meeting Carey Mulligan turned out to be prophetic. Because Carey Mulligan is fucking great. So fucking great that when the film premiered at an otherwise lackluster Sundance in early 2009, she instantly became the 'it' face of the festival. Rocking a demon haircut (the mullet-gan?) and fresh style, critics compared her genuine beauty to Audrey Hepburn. The race was on to land this creature down and get a camera in her face.

But we've never really liked to be part of the crowd. Rather than head into the eye of the storm, we turned to the people who were right there beside Mulligan as she started that journey towards guitar stardom — director Lone Scherfig, and co-star Peter Dinklage — to give us the real story on just who, really, the girl is. But first, some context.

Paris

Carey Mulligan is 24-year-old. She lives in London. Her middle name is Hannah. She started acting at Wokingham School after seeing Peter Postlethwaite on stage in *Screenplay*. Jones. She thought she'd been watching a large cat perform this story of an ageing violin close to death, but when Postlethwaite came out alone at the end she was inspired. "That night, she's said, 'I thought, I want to do this.'"

Back at school and now student head of drama, she put in a self-referential and somewhatJulian Fellows, who'd given a talk at Wokingham. Fellows hooked her up with the right people, which led to an appearance in a TV adaptation of *Pride & Prejudice*. Like many of the new generation of young British actors, Carey has mixed TV theatre and film work ever since. Indeed, the brave new world is a small one — Mulligan has already performed alongside fellow Yinka Antler Rutherford, in *Never Let Me Go*, and Aaron Johnson in *The Gleaners*, both of which will be seen later this year.

"I had a ridiculous enthusiasm and no cool at all," is how she's described her early days. But right from the start she knew that it was acting or bust. "I didn't really have another option," she said. "Because of heaven, I would have ended up going to university, and that would have been a waste of time and money because there was nothing I really wanted to do apart from act." Even so, *An Education* has taken things to the next level — a lead role, and a first taste of the exposure, publicity and pressure that comes with it. "I'd never played one of these big parts before or anything," she admitted at Sundance. "and I'd never had an experience where I felt like if anything went wrong it would all be my fault."

But everything went right. Carey puts in a career-making performance as Jenny, a young girl in early '60s suburban given a crash course in the cruelties of adult life. So good is her performance that the film's scriptwriter, Nick Hornby, admitted to director Lone Scherfig, "With some about the pile of novels that I wrote? I'm going to be there. It's the man who wrote the film that was Carey Mulligan's breakthrough." **B**

Schering herself describes Muligan as "a wonderful, wonderful actress." But more than that, her first instinct was that she was somebody who could carry a film. "There were obviously a lot of girls who could do the part," she says, "but she was someone that you would want to look at for a very long time, and who had the combination of fragility and strength. And she's somebody that you immediately care for when you look at her."

Peter Sangstad's relationship with Carey stretches back a little further. He'd been attached to the film as executive producer when Benjamin Eldon was slated to direct, before she left to pursue *Hipster Hippie Shores*. He'd seen Carey's initial casting sessions, and although impressed, he also had a few doubts. "My concern at the beginning was always: 'Wow, she seemed so much older than her years,'" he admits. "And of course that's the thing that is someone in the room — that's what you want. You don't really want an initial 19-year-old that might 10 years later just being 19. That wouldn't be that interesting."

Once on set, the pair clicked. Muligan has read of Sangstad, "Working with Peter on *An Education*, I learned a lot about not doing what people think. Peter is the hardest person in the world to misbehave. He tries everything, and that's what's so great about working with him." He wants the compliment. "She's great. I ended up doing *The Seagull* with her, or *Seabirdy* afterwards, so obviously I like doing with her. She's fun," he says. "She's gone. She's not an acting prode. She's willing to explore the unexplored. She's willing to have it go outside the box — she's not stuck to being Audrey Hepburn, she's willing to be more distant than that."

Deviant? That sounds interesting. "She's like that good girl where willing to explore other things," he explains. "Venus, like, a lot of actresses are not good girls so there's no tension in them doing something that's slightly out of the norm because you think, 'Oh, that's not unusual for her.' I mean last night she did an eight ball and a three-way. But with Carey, you certainly don't think that, and it makes her actions meaningful because she doesn't seem like the kinda girl who would just randomly do something."



Schering puts it slightly differently, explaining that Carey's very English demeanor allowed her to catch the other actors off guard. "Peter, Alfred Molina, Emma Thompson and Olivia Williams all reacted a little bit the same way because they were more experienced," she explains, "then once they started performing with her they could feel that they were getting much closer to actors, more experienced than her, then they had imagined. Because she's such a sweet girl, such a good girl, and very orderly and pretty and apologetic, she underplays her strengths and her wit and her sexuality because she wants to be professional before anything."

Schering admits that she doesn't like to get too close to her actors, and she doesn't give praise lightly — "It's a professional relationship. The film doesn't get better if you spend weekend together or sit on the telephone crying all night long." But then, Muligan seems to make a uniquely strong impression on just about everybody. "I don't want to see what else she'll do," says Schering. "It's amazing to see someone who is that great a piano player make and more difficult tunes and get the raw octave for each performance. It's really exciting."¹⁰

"A hilarious and uplifting reminder of the simple pleasures and exquisite pain of childhood... beautiful"

Matt Roachewski, Little White Lies



Heat



Grazia



News of the World



London Life

"If I could roll this film out like a blanket and wrap myself up in it for eternity, I'd do it in an instant"

On the Box



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Aaron Johnson

"I'll fight any way I can to keep doing what I want to do."

Words = Josh Winning + Photography = Sam Christmas

He may be a young, talented, British actor, but unlike his young, talented, British peers, Aaron Johnson is categorically and absolutely not in any of the *Harry Potter* films. "Yeah, thank God!" laughs the tousle-haired 19-year-old. Whereas plenty of fledgling British performers have relied on that particularly profitable franchise to establish a foothold in the biz, Johnson has got just as far flying solo. "I must've seen the first film, or the first two, and that was it. I've not seen any more. I'm not really a fan. I've never even read the books. It's not really for me."

Johnson is rushed off his feet on the first day of shooting horror thriller *Chaos* ("There are a lot of running shots, and lots of remote monitoring"), but he's happy to discuss what is about to turn into a very interesting year. If you're a 13-year-old girl, you'll most likely recognize Johnson as the teen heartthrob who inspired a thousand crushes as *Rebber* in *Angus, Thongs and Perfect Strangers*, except, you probably won't. "I don't look like that!" exclaims the actor. "With the straight hair, and all clean and proper. I don't like the whole heartthrob thing."

You aren't genuine embarrassment from the vaguely cockney-sounding former child actor as he discusses the episode — particularly female — to the hair that made casting directors sit up and grab a phone. "It was kind of mad, because *Supermag* and *Bliss* wanted to do this sort of poster-type thing. And I was fighting against it," he continues. "I don't wanna be like Zac Efron. I mean, it's fine, and some guys are really happy about the girls and they've got that little fan base. But it's just embarrassing, really."

So if he's not from *Harry Potter* and he's not a teen heartthrob, who is this open-minded young man? Well, he's been acting since the age of six, he's having the time of his life doing what he loves, and he's been making the papers thanks to a controversial love affair (we'll get to that later). He's also, incidentally, his own man. "I don't want to be the next anyone, just myself," he insists on a number of occasions — and, so far, Johnson's increasingly varied and intriguing career choices mark him out as a real talent. **B**

Roles in theatre and TV dramas, including the BBC's lauded *Plaster Boy*, prepared an otherwise unremarkable upbringing. School was never really a priority: the former High Wycombe infant and quiet education at the tender age of 15 to fully pursue an acting career. "But I wasn't really there much," Johnson punks out. "I was waiting through school, so I'd do a shoot and then I'd come back to school. And at school they didn't really care me there anyway, so I'd get kicked out most of the time."



Brain? Rebellious? Maybe. But Johnson's anti-bunk, take-no-prisoners attitude stems from a passion for doing what he loves, and there's no doubt for doubt. "I couldn't have a backup plan because I'd be fucked," he explains. "People always say, 'You should have a Plan B, you should have your studies at school.' But I knew what I wanted to do. If you have a backup plan, you'll back out. It's fight any way I can to keep doing what I want to do." The gamble, though, seems to be paying off. *Angus, Thongs and Perfect Snogging* "really helped push me out and through to other filmmakers," and Johnson has two big ticks about ready to storm the film circuit.

The first is *Nowhere Boy*. Directed by writer Sam Taylor Wood, and scripted by Coen's Matt Greenhalgh, *Nowhere Boy* finds Johnson playing a young John Lennon in a quasi-epic story. Inspired by his mother (Anne-Marie Duff) and Aunt Mimi (Gretta Scott Thomas), the film charts Lennon's desperate escape into art and music, and his eventual, belated meeting with Paul McCartney (played by Thomas Sangster).

It's Johnson's "favorite job that I've ever done," with Lennon proving to be "the most interesting character to portray." But the film has already made *Grey's Anatomy* headlines for its behind-the-scenes scandal. Taylor Wood drives her images lower home after romantic dinner date, the tabloid assumed seductively back in May, reporting that the 42-year-old director and her young leading man had gone public at the Cannes Film Festival about a post-shoot romance. Johnson, however, is disinterested in any of the gossip that might be polluting the papers or the internet. "I would Google it way away from any reds and stuff," he says. "I'd rather not be anxious and paranoid of what people comment on and what people say. I don't follow any of that. Somebody might tell me a couple of little details, but apart from that."

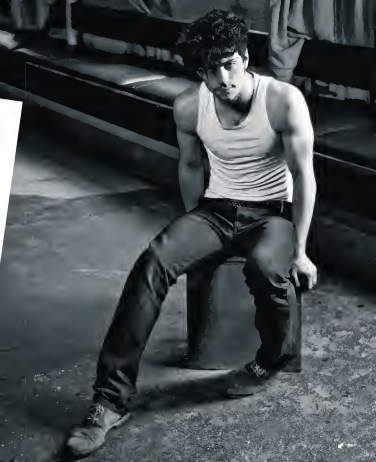
After *Nowhere Boy*, Johnson again takes the lead in the much anticipated *Kid's A's*. Having successfully converted director Matthew Vaughn that he was American ("I felt off my chair when I was told [he's a Brit]"), the American accent is pitch perfect and he can bloody well act, as Edward Vaughn, Johnson stars as a lonely high school student who decides to become a superhero — despite a lack of any distinguishing powers. Posing in fancy gals and all-out action, audiences were wowed by a pretty penny in the end at this year's Comic-Con (seriously, Google it). This could — and should — be the film that gets Johnson well and truly noticed.

Just don't expect him to relocate to Hollywood any time soon. "If I had a choice of a place to live, I'd probably go and live in Italy or abroad somewhere," he muses. "Like the south of France or Spain. Not fucking LA. Hollywood is not a place to be living in. It's just the business oriented for me. It's fine if you want to get a job. It's just the environment, it's not for me."



For now, Johnson is busy finishing *Chickens*, the latest offering from Rings director Helen Mirra. Filled with happy visuals, the film follows an online community who bully each other into carrying out questionable behavior. "It's a bit like a zombie universe," Johnson clarifies. "You've got this online world that's all existing, and a vision of what the online world would look like. So we're all in the same room together, yet we're not actually see each other."

Be young, talented, British — and on the path to something big. But does Johnson have a game plan? Or will he continue to bowl over onward and upward in his own unstable way? "I just really wanna make good films, find interesting roles and work with really fantastic directors," the actor says, citing Quentin Tarantino as his all-time favorite, and expressing a desire to work opposite Gary Oldman. "There are a lot of actors I obviously look up to and watch," he says. "But I don't agree to be anyone but myself." ☺



Katie Jarvis

"I'm proof that people like me should be given a chance."

Words = Matt Bodenski + Photography = Spencer Murphy

When Katie Jarvis won the Best British Performance award at Edinburgh this year, she didn't need to thank God, or her hairdresser or any of the acceptance speech regulars. She needed to thank her boyfriend for being a pain in the arse.

Because if Katie's boyfriend wasn't a pain in the arse, they wouldn't argue so much. And if they didn't argue so much, she wouldn't have been mauling off at him across the platform of Tibbury Tower train station in 2005. And if she hadn't been mauling off at him across the platform of Tibbury Tower train station in 2005, the casting assistant for Andrea Arnold's *Fish-Talk* would never have noticed her. And if the casting assistant for Andrea Arnold's *Fish-Talk* had never noticed her, the landscapes of young British actors would look subtly but visibly different.

"I was one of them people that always wished that I could act, but never thought I actually would because my parents couldn't afford to send me to drama school," she says. "I just used to look at it and think, 'Yeah, that is a dream. It's not gonna happen.' But it did happen, and it is a dream because I don't think it'll happen to anyone else."

Katie's story is so unlikely, so weighed down by unlikely extremes of chance and good fortune that you just expect Richard Curtis to be lurking in the background, tucked off the streets of Essex with no acting experience, Katie has never had their plastered across billboards, her name celebrated in walled circles and her debut film nominated for the prestigious Palme d'Or.



Fish-Talk is the second feature from writer/director Andrea Arnold, whose hard-bitten debut, *Red Road*, catapulted her into the front line of young, sexually conscious British filmmakers. *Fish-Talk* is a worthy successor, shot entirely on location in Essex, where the urban sprawl of London gives way to the wide open spaces where the Thames meets the sea. Here we meet Mia, a volatile 15-year-old, all mouth, attitude and earnings. She prowls the streets looking (we assume) for trouble, until it becomes clear that Mia—headless, bandaged and festering—is really just looking for a connection, a way out of her semi-detention. She finds that connection, dangerously, in Connor (Michael Fassbender), her mother's new boyfriend, who lives what he sees beneath the pinnacled and sharp tangle. Shooting documentary style, and capturing the raw beauty of the concrete jungle, Arnold builds to a painful climax that will throw Mia's world into disarray. **B+**



And all this rests on the shoulders of an untired 19-year-old, a girl who is likely to attract the same scrutiny (and criticism) as *Mia* herself. There is no getting past the fact that Kate is a tabloid story waiting to happen. Corridor Kate is a tabloid story that is already happening. Shortly before *Fish Tank* debuted at the Cannes Film Festival, Kate, then only 17, gave birth to her first daughter, Lily May. Given that jury panel of gossip, not to mention as salacious account that sounds like a parody of the Olsen girl club, it's tempting to write Kate off as a future ex-princess doomed to failure.

That, of course, would be a mistake. "I'm proof that people like me should be given a chance," says Kate when asked about her background. "It proves that there is people out there that don't need the experience." Whereas the production line of young British actors often seems to chug out identical middle-class kids with clipped accents, wide eyes and rosy cheeks, Kate has got the real thing: unmistakable energy of real life. She's a natural person teaching herself to do what the cinema kids do. And do it better.



You don't need to worry about *Starstruck* when you've got the Jarvis method: "I found it really easy to do the acting," she says. "I don't know what it is, but it came naturally to me just to go along with it. I just thought how it would look good and sound good, and that's how I done it. After a couple of days I just sort of forgot the camera was there, which made it easier."

But it wasn't all fun and games. "I still admit that there were times when I thought I couldn't do it no more. But because I found it hard," she explains, "but because I'd left school and then I didn't do nothing for a few months, then I went to doing *Fish Tank* Monday to Saturday, 12 hours a day, which was quite tiring. But from day one, as soon as I got into it, I just taught to myself, I've got to do it now. They've chosen me, I can't just walk away now. That's it. So thinking of the fact helped me, and that's what drove me to do it properly."

This is where Kate and *Mia*'s stories converge. In the film, a key scene sees Mia walk into a dance audition only to freeze on stage and leave in silent self-doubt. Kate, too, was initially fazed by the requirement to dance at her audition, but unlike Mia, she found the will to conquer that self-doubt. "I thought to myself, as soon as I walked in, I've got no chance. Cos I can't dance. I really don't know why they ended up choosing me, to be honest cos I've got no experience with dancing, no experience with acting. I don't know what it was that drove me to keep going forward

because part of me thought that I wasn't going to get it, so I could have just given up. But something inside me was saying, No, keep going, keep going."

But it's the difference between herself and Mia that the actress is, understandably, keen to emphasize. The danger for Kate is that people look at who she is, not what she's achieved, and refuse to see her as anything more than just another Mia playing herself. But Kate is determined to carve a reputation as an actress at her own risk. "Even though I feel like I can relate to Mia, my personal life is nothing like her personal life," she says. "I don't just want to do quite like that. I want to experience with different things — older people, younger people. I want to do a bit of everything. And hopefully I'll be able to prove to people that I'm not like Mia by showing them the different things I can do, and then it'll show that I don't need to go to no acting school or drama school, I can just do it naturally because I can. At the moment I'm actually saying to my agent that I don't want nothing like Mia for my next film," she continues. "Cos a lot of people do think I'm like Mia, and I think that people shouldn't be judging a book by its cover. Just because I've lived in Essex all my life doesn't mean I'm like all the rest because I'm nothing like Mia at all."



It will be fascinating to see what the future holds for Kate. She'll never be any younger than she is right now — a raw, unformed talent. And yet already you can see her changing, see where she's beginning to be shaped and refined, groomed and polished. She's beginning to develop the skill and awareness she'll need to survive, but with that, inevitably, will come a loss of innocence.

But for Kate, it's about more than just the career now, anyway. "I'm excited about everything that's going on with *Fish Tank* and what might be happening for the future," she says. "But at the same time, I am nervous because I suppose I'm a bit worried about everything. It's not just me I've got to think of now. I've got my little girl to think about as well." She stops for a minute and thinks, and drops her gaze. "Head-wise, I think I'm older than 16, and I feel like I've had to grow up quite obviously 'cos of *Fish Tank* and there having my baby," she says. And then, with more conviction: "But I'm loving every minute of it." 

*Want to meet BB to see *Fish Tank* preview?*

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Harry Treadaway

"I would hate to ever forget how lucky I am."

Words = Matt Bohrenski + Photography = Sam Cunningham

There's something about Harry. Some tension—some static, stalled energy. He's like a hot rod with the handbrake on, wheels spinning, engine screaming, waiting for a single flick of a switch then—**boom!**—off like a rocket. And it's coming. It's coming.

You won't find him gawdstanding in lead roles (well, not yet anyway), but look over the shoulder of Brit film's young stars, and there's Harry Treadaway, in the shadows, being awesome.

He made his debut in Keith Fulton and Louis Pegu's brilliant oddity *Bebers of the Heart* in 2005. Television followed, but not the road stuff that gets you noticed. Then came *Control*, the hippest film of 2007, in which Harry played Jay Dison drummer Stephen More. You could tell he was the drummer because Harry mostly stood in the background and kept his mouth shut. Now he's got a key role in Andrea Arnold's *Fish Text*. But just as he's ready to step into the limelight, along comes Katie Jarvis to hog all the headlines.

Not that he planned it that way, but Harry's career is an ethereal lesson in patient, educated chaos. Interwoven with credibility-building indie work was a role in GQ Kenan's *City of Ember*—a shade aside that put Harry in league with the likes of Bill Murray and Tim Robbins. Next year is a sojourn (maybe it's a pilgrimage) to New York, to start work on *whereas* for Edward Albee's new play. For Harry, you put the swift foot, the career around, and you leave the rest to take care of itself.

His background could scarcely be more different to Fish Text co-star Katie Jarvis. He grew up in a tiny village in Devon—peace, quiet, open spaces, bombs to feed. He used to drive up and entertain the family, who weren't fussed that this sort of behaviour was more acceptable in big cities. They packed him off to London at 16, to drama school, to find his fortune. ☛

Within months, he's landed the lead role in *Brothers of the Head*—or, better yet, at least, alongside his brother, Luke—as a Steppenwolf with dreams of being a rock star. But if it sounds like success came too easily, here's a plea to play it down: "That was the first audition I'd ever had, but it was a purely, completely random chance of getting it. I'd written my name down on some student notice board that passed me up with someone who was already out auditioning for roles. It was three years too early—it wasn't a time when I thought I was going to do anything."

As with Kate's experience of being spotted on the street, Luke played its part in Henry's career takeoff. But at the same time, isn't he exactly the kind of dream schoolkid who'll always be privileged over somebody like her? He doesn't see it that way: "I sometimes find that as soon as you mention drama school, people assume that there's some sort of golden rulebook that you come out with," he says. "But I've spent the last few years trying to forget a lot of things, especially for filming, because you don't really need a load of theories running around your head while you're pretending to be someone else. And that's what it is, isn't it? I think it's instructive for theatre training, for voice and stuff like that. I don't think it gives you anything necessarily for filming."


Bonjour

Henry, at least, is almost entirely free of the baggage with which drama school can weigh you down, the interpretation, the self-analysis, the bullshit. Instead, he's endearingly off-the-ball, unplanned and unstructured. His motto is "keep creative, keep pushing beyond your comfort zone to stay sharp and engaged." "I think you've got to," he says. "Acting, you're always part of somebody else's bigger vision, even though you work as hard as you can to make it seem like yours. But at the end of the day it's always somebody's bigger thing. For me, personally, I love doing my own creative stuff—that keeps me feeling good, feeling alive."

Henry's creative stuff is song writing and photography, "but all within my own bedroom." Outside of his bedroom, he's just re-directed his first short film with a bunch of friends, a project that he describes as "fascinating." It was a no-budget production," he explains. "We spent \$500 on insurance and that was it. Then we pulled favours and got a really amazing little team together." As it happens, Henry's brief history with short film is an illustrious one. He starred in *Love You More*, a brilliant short set in 1978 about a pair of schoolkids who buy the new Backstreet single then go home and sleep. The talent involved is incredible: Henry stars alongside Andrea Riseborough, Sam Taylor-Wood directed, Patrick Marber wrote the screenplay; Sienna Millerway laddered with the lights.

That's Henry all over—focused on small, intimate projects alongside great collaborators. "I've been incredibly lucky, if I look back and think about the directors and actors I've worked with and the projects that I've done," he admits. "There's not one that I'd take out and go, 'I wish I hadn't done that.' They all have had a huge impact on me. And the directors and actors have just been ridiculous," he continues. "I've learned a lot from the people I've worked with, and all I hope to do is work on projects that I believe in and work at a heart-felt way, you know? Keep my head down and keep working or whatever I want to do."

There's not to say he won't enjoy the benefits of success. He might not be a household name yet, but he's certainly starting to experience the spoils of being an actor. "There's been a few mistakes to pursue—that does come with it, I suppose. And definitely, anyone would be stupid not to enjoy it," he says. So when does he go? VIP events? Parties? Exclusive nights? "We and my mate went to the ballet the other day. I wouldn't have gone there if I hadn't got tickets. That was great."

Amazingly, the page seems to have missed him stumbling out of the ballet at 5am. And that's not going to get too many other opportunities. "I would've started leaving down things to go to," says Henry. "If you open an envelope, I think you know in your heart whether you'd go to that party or anyway, or what he you're just going because you think it's cool. It's some thing to take note of each time," he continues. "I would hate to ever forget how lucky I am, because I don't well know it." 

Turn to page 58 to see *First Look* reviewed

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STUDIO CANAL

Riz Ahmed



"Growing up was a headfuck for me."

Words = Matt Bohrenki + Photography = Sam Corrin-Tomas

The new generation of British stars are an eclectic bunch. There's no more segregation — they move fluidly between big budget television and low budget films, between stage, screen and shorts. But none of them capture the multimedia aesthetic of the twenty-first century quite like Riz Ahmed.

It's been a long, strange trip. Riz lived a lifetime before he broke through in Michael Winterbottom's *The Road to Guantánamo* in 2006 at the age of 24. He grew up in North London, hanging out with "a lot of rudies and gangster types", doing things he doesn't really talk about, but also using music as a way of keeping the creative fires burning. "Growing up in the area I did was quite a headfuck for me, seeing some of the things my brother and cousins were connected to," he remembers, "then going to this good school." Just as Riz MC was making a name for himself on pirate radio, he got a scholarship to Mosaic School, an independent boys school perched regally on the right side of the tracks. 



From Michael Taylor, he continued to straddle (and to struggle with) two different worlds. After school came a place at Oxford to study PPE, but the feeling of being caught in a cultural limbo led to a strong sense of alienation. "After my first month there I got really depressed and started smoking weed a lot and kind of going, 'This is not real,'" he explains. "I was going around making lists on pieces of paper: 'Okay, this is what would be happening for me if I stayed in London doing my penis radio slots; this is what's good about going to Oxford.'"

He soon broke it together he sat up a club night, Hit 4 Run, which became the focal point for a crowd that he would finally feel part of. Looking back on Oxford from a distance, he's reflective: "I feel for some of the friends I made there who precious to me," he says. "If people can relate to that headbush, it's like going through trauma together – it's like we were all in that plane crash. We crash landed, but we landed."



After uni, he moved to acting school. But the publicity that accompanied the release of *Head To Toe* (2006) and, after it, *The Path To Hell* (7), brought new problems. He was glib to the end of a media machine obsessed with modern, multicultural Britain. When an Oxford-educated Asian rapper/actor from North London fell out of the sky, he was happily seized upon as a symbol of this new, ethnically diverse, culturally unimpeachable country. But he himself didn't want to be a symbol of anything.

"I've always had people hanging labels on me," he says with obvious frustration. "It's an obsession, especially in the UK. It's like everything has to be put somewhere, and that's something that really put my back up in lots of ways. It's something I've struggled with for a long time and still do, really. I wrote a song called 'Radar', which is all about racial stereotyping and stuff – I've still not recorded that headbush really."

In reality, it's incredibly difficult to apply any label to him because he's constantly evolving. Although he continues to appear in carefully chosen and consistently high quality independent films – most recently Eoin Gray's superb British gangster yarn *Stiffy*, and Gilly Patten's *Rage* – his main focus over the last year has been a residency at London's Southbank Centre.

The Southbank Centre and he are perfectly matched. Outwardly assimilated comfortably among the middle-classes, they're both dedicated to cutting-edge art and culture. He got involved as an Emerging Artist in Residence when he was one of 16 acts selected by Nike Sawhney to produce a series of new works. Alongside him, there were Greek violinists, Goth rockers, beatboxers and Kabuki dancers.

"I like my days, man, because it's just random and it's good to do loads of different things. I've got a short attention span, which is good because that's the way *Mess* was going," he laughs.

Along with his first album, 2008's satirical *Post Biff 7 Blues*, he's early film work notoriously spoke to racial stereotypes and questions of ethnicity. "I used to think, 'It'd be great to work with a mixed-race director on the big film but it's looking down down, you know?'" But now, he says, "My intention is to represent myself. It's not the reason I'm doing this, to represent 'my people' or fight for a cause or that kind of thing. Ultimately I want to transcend this, and I think it's important that these things are transcended. The *Holy Grail* – that you've just got a guy in a film, he happens to be Asian, his name is 'Shifty' or whatever. And when you get to that point, I think that whole burden of representation evaporates. That's the hope. It's hard, man, but I think we're getting there, and hopefully things like *Stiffy* are a stepping-stone towards that colour blindness."

[Turn to page 74 for a review of *Head*](#)

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Andrea Riseborough

"I like a good beating."

Words = Paul Fearnley + Photography = Sam Christman

It's a paradoxical aspect of our relationship with actors that what we value most in these serial pretenders is the ability to project truth, or at least a version of it. Fortunately, projecting truth has never been a problem for Andrea Riseborough, whose four-year post-RADA career is crisscrossed with roles in which she has immersed herself so fully that at times she seems to disappear altogether.

Being photographed on the roof of LWTel's office, she's still half submerged in character, sporting an expressive bouffant (do and spray tan that are a mile miles from her natural, pale skin). "I'm so sorry that the strings," she wails, "I've been lately Torgued!" She's moved straight from the Daguerre shoot of the *80s-set* *Widows* with her bad make-up intact. It's an example of the fast-paced determination that's seen her enjoy her day off since 2008.

Back then, in the cult TV drama *Party Animals*, she was one of several of the cast members to go on to bigger things. But for Riseborough, the real coming out ball was an edge in the National Theatre's 2008 New Connections season, which saw her around audiences alongside Andrew Garfield and new Doctor Who, Matt Smith.

That showcase for new writing offered the first indication of the extraordinary versatility an actor in Thatcher begins. *The Long Walk to Finchley*, and *Civil War* epic *The Devil's Wife*. She's ridiculous as whether it was the scale of those TV projects, which would once have been the preserve of the big screen, that attracted her.

"The thing you sniff out as an actor," she says, "is the project, the material." She pines, as she does when she wants to be certain her words reflect what she really believes. "I can't say that I've ever been part of anything that I thought was, 'you know, had I would I do it if I did,'" she laughs. "So I've been drawn to Peter Pinnery scripts [*The Devil's Wife*] and Terry Stacey scripts [*The Long Walk to Finchley*] because these are brilliant pieces of British television writing. And that's the basis, the starting point: great writing, at least brilliant directors, actors, casting directors, DPs and designers." 

Rosenbrough grew up in Whitley Bay, where her early dramatic education was self-taught and theatrical. "Reading plays was one of my favorite things," she says. "Shakespeare first. I started there. I mean, when you're new you don't understand them all but you have a good go."

Such a good go, in fact, that she arrived at RADA in 2002 having picked up more than 60 amateur stage roles and a couple of professional parts. Work on Sean Taylor Wood's short *Love, Roy, Moss*, as well as a pig with Mike Leigh, followed. However strong her love of the theatre, having a father in front of the silver screen also had an effect. "He's a movie fan too," she says. "He has phone-friend or Facebook and Facebook, and he's here in Hollywood — old Hollywood. I can say, Dad, that guy who had that one line in *Kay Largo* to Bogart...? I don't know it. When he comes with me to LA he comes to the studios and thinks, 'I used to watch this on a screen in '46, '50, and now he's here. He looks it.'"

Nothing is all of Monica Bellucci in the office, she explains, how her feelings about film differ from her father's. "She's so good in *Intervista* — one of the most knowing experiences of my life! But it's a perfect example of how film can deeply, deeply affect you. That a part of your relationship with it is to do with opening yourself to it being so much more than entertainment. A lot of people don't see film that way, for example my dad doesn't, but he loves it so much I'll watch *Casablanca* and feel the same as *Intervista* — I like a good basting. I'm open to a film being almost a site of passage." Does she mean that you should come away in some way changed? "Oh that you could come out in some way changed," she says, pointing out that pure enjoyment has its place too. "Because we all enjoyed *Rocky*. You can't pretend you didn't. Or *Star Wars*!"

Rosenbrough's trips to Los Angeles are precious. She views view of the architecture of the place as a soulless dollar factory. "It's a place that I really love, that harbours loads of people who want to do smaller things that I do. The real goodness is I'm not saying it's a real good 'un — but the real goodness out there who want to make great art and make things happen creatively."

She may not be saying she's a good 'un, but most notes are. Does that make taking notes easier? The question prompts another gathering of disparate thoughts. "I'm really anxious to notice the balance between me and my director, and the relationship productively between me and my work. I want to be able to be productive creatively without it depending on anything. That takes a lot of self-confidence, self-belief, self-esteem. And as we know, as humans, if we could just buy those they would be the most expensive resources on the planet, wouldn't they? Because with them you can do anything. I think we all struggle with that."



Her next film, *We Want Sex*, returns to the bed-in between played out in Long Walk and Devil's Whore, dramatizing the Ford Gagenheim women who went on strike for equality. She's engagingly passionate about the movie's background. "The Gagenheim girls are probably sick of talking about it because everyone wanted a piece of them, they were so influential in 1965, who would have known in the middle of what was pretty much an effort between revolution — which stood for very good things but which was fuelled by the middle-classes — that the people who eventually changed everything would be these Gagenheim girls? Who had no time to burn! Their fight was about being graded as skilled workers. Things like Vietnam pretty much hadn't touched them in a sense." The observation prompts her to consider the limits of that cultural evolution, laughing faintly as she recalls, "I remember my mum once saying, 'The Beatles never took drugs! Which is when I realised I needed to move to Hackney'."

The area should at least be good grounding for her next role, in Steven Soderbergh's *Griffin Park*, as a waitress, Rose, adrift among heartless gangsters. And if her past commitment to the elusive notion of the truth is anything to go by, she's probably envisaging the stuff in a post-secular Huxleyan bedroom at this very moment. ☺

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TONY MANERO



A sociopathic dancer will stop at nothing to win a talent contest and national exposure in one of the darkest chapters in Chile's modern history.

Chilean director Pablo Larraín shows an astonishing use of cinematic technique in only his second film. Critics raved about both the film and its star, Alfredo Castro, with *Uncut* calling the film "a highly original portrait of a sociopath in a corrupt, festering, morally bankrupt society... compulsive viewing."

Tony Manero is a brave, multi-layered thriller that is tragic, blackly humorous, and utterly compelling.

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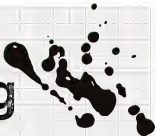
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Ed Hogg



"I just like having a go."

Words = Josh Wenning + Photography = Sam Christmas

Ed Hogg isn't one of the run-of-the-mill, everyday movie stars. Yes, he's the luscious lead in trippy mindbender *White Light/White Heat* ("I'm so proud of it. You feel like you've been through something when you watch it"), and yes, he's shagged Celine Fisher (on-screen, for a scene that – infamously – had him guzzling champagne by the bucket-load backstage and then vomiting post-clinch).

But Hogg isn't like all the other fledgling Hollywood actors, either. For a start, he's currently working in a pub on Tottenham Court Road. "I don't know about being a Hollywood star," the 24-year-old laughs as we point out his peculiar predicament, "but yes, I'm still working in a pub. At the moment I've got no bloody money."

The 32-year-old Gloucester native hadn't wanted to be an actor to begin with, anyway. Having from Yorkshire – and still in possession of a delectable northern lilt – the young Hogg had his eye on an altogether easier profession. "I wanted to be in a band. I was in a band when I was at school," he reveals, before divulging said band's name (not without a whiff of nostalgic pride) as "Pomo King." "Do I ever about 18 and that's all I wanted to do." But the world of rock was not for him. One gap year and a postponed plan to attend university later, and Hogg "fell into acting" when his sister decided to dabble in on-dress. "I've not looked back since, really." 🍷



But wait. What was that about shagging Greta Potter? "Playing Greta to Hogg's *Song in White Lightnin'*, Potter is equally dead to do her British character. The film takes the happy-dang life of musician dancer Jessica White and runs off with it into the dark moments of a career, drug-addled imagination. As Jessica, Hogg found himself exploring (apart from a smoking-spaghetti niche, it's a particularly unstable and stimulating intermingling with the former Patricia Law. "I must've noticed *Sir Walter's* mild stress growing up. I mean, it's an every-Christmas," the actor sighs, before adding with typical northern candor, "It was wonderful to meet her, she was absolutely fab."

Jadore

White Lightnin' marks Hogg's first lead role after a slew of supporting appearances in the likes of *Mezzogiorno*, *Jackbo*, *After* and *Business at the Head*. Given then he decided, looking out from the corners of scenes with his big round eyes, burning with quiet intensity, *Lightnin'* presents an opportunity with which he seems stunned to have been gifted. Take that when asked if the actor's role had resulted in a difficult or draining shoot, Hogg, fumbling, is easily stampeded by the question. "It's my first kind of major role in a film, and when I look back now I just remember it being brilliant," he admits. "It was a bit long there were long days. But it was more thrilling than anything else, I was so excited. I mean, I was nervous, but just very, very excited to be involved in something like that."

The role is an actor's dream — requiring a certain degree of both glowing and something, but also a major, gentlemanly touch that keeps the film (and the character) from teetering into the realm of absurdity. Hogg gets high, drinks on then, loses his cool with Jessica, and cashes out Potter in the shower with a broken bottle before turning the naked-but-vergessen on himself in a blood-soaked, shaggy graphic novel.

But ask him about any "method" to his acting, studies, and Hogg is characteristically terse. "I don't think of my relatives dying or anything like that," he explains. "But you do have to get yourself into that kind of mind-space. [Director] Dominic Murphy had this technique called 'high focus,' where [I] jump on the spot for three minutes, and then I'd scream and shout a bit at the top of my voice. And then you'd play the scene. It's a bit embarrassing, but it really works to get you to a certain place."

Like most actors, Hogg got his break in the theatre. In 2009, he graduated from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. He quickly earned some reviews and an (or Charleston Award nomination for his part in *Myerov* at the Gate Theatre. Working on the stage and in film (as well as down the pub), Hogg remains philosophical about the differences between the two. "I like being in film, I like going to watch a film, and I'm in it, and going 'wow,'" he says. "But, actually, I think doing the physical kind of acting, being on stage, is better. Because if it's happening, it's instant, there and then at the time."

He remains particularly close to acclaimed theatre director Daniel Kramer, who he's worked with on numerous occasions. "Theatre was like working with Daniel," he explains. "Like to do what he wants to do — he always does nothing at all. I don't know what would be my desire job. At the moment I'm really enjoying being in British independent film and doing weird things. Just to be doing that more, really. To play interesting parts."

Just don't expect him to run into the red Hugh Grant. "I tend to get cast in edgier roles, edgier people," the actor says. "I don't really get many romantic leads. So I guess those are the parts I'll play for a little while. Like doing anything, I just like having a go, you know?"



Looking to the future, Hogg has *Berry* and the *Ball* already wrapped and set for release later this year. Directed by Paul King of slightly British fame, Hogg plays Stephen, a young man who takes an imaginary road trip inside his apartment, based on memories and memories of a European trip from years before. It's a brilliant, surreal British comedy of the film that hasn't been seen for a long time, maybe ever. Released by the indie outfit Warp X, it puts Hogg in the vanguard of new British film.

After that in *Offe*, *Myerov's* *Spending*, *People*, *What?*, which the actor describes as "a sweet film, kind of odd. British." And if that's not enough, when shooting wraps on *People*, Hogg will head back to the National Theatre for a stint in *Our Glass*. "You've just got to work where you can. And do as much as possible," Hogg says. Something tells us that won't include the pub for much longer.

By David Karger, a review of White Lightnin'

**KILLER FILM
T-SHIRTS
AND MORE**

The image displays a collection of 25 logos arranged in a 5x5 grid. Each logo is unique, featuring various designs, colors, and text. The logos include:

- Row 1:** Sunny Island, Navy Police, Army, Magnet Club, Blue, Red, Navy, Navy.
- Row 2:** Green, Charlie, Red, Red, Red, Red, Red, Red.
- Row 3:** Navy, Blue, Red, Red, Red, Red, Red, Red.
- Row 4:** Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy.
- Row 5:** Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy.

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Rachel Hurd-Wood



"If my career ends here, then fine."

Words = *Nell Fritzzell* + Photography = *Sam Christman*

Of all the things you might want to know about Rachel Hurd-Wood, one thing in particular stands out: Is Hugh Laurie really her uncle? "No, not at all!" she replies immediately. "It's so weird. I mean, where does that come from? My uncle lives in Wales and is an artist."

And so, once again, He proves that you can't believe everything you read on the internet. However, even a cursory look at Hurd-Wood's profile will tell you one undeniable fact: the *Perfume* actress and star of *Queen Bees* is young. Exceptionally young, considering the size of the projects she's been involved with.

Her career started at the age of 11, when she was chosen to play Wendy in PJ Hogan's *Peter Pan*. And that was only seven years ago. "I think Wendy was my favorite character," says Hurd-Wood. "It's the part that's most like myself. At the time I couldn't have been more right for that. Or rather, it couldn't have been more right for me."

So... she was a nice middle-class girl with a penchant for shirking shadows and being captured by photos? "It was such a bizarre experience. I was very shy as a child," Hurd-Wood says. "I hadn't done anything very exciting. Yet, I mean, it was just a standard childhood. And then I was plucked from school to go to Australia. It changed my life."



Hurd-Wood was born in Birmingham before moving to Surrey with her parents when she was eight. Despite being almost unanimously described as an "English rose," it's a moniker that seems to mildly irritate her, although as she says, "Fair enough. I can't really help it." The actress is, in fact, half Irish. Her father, Philip Hurd-Wood, is also an actor and ad-libber/artist who is "massively supportive" of his daughter. ☺

However, looks aside, the most striking thing about Hurd-Wood is the strong antihollywoodish display towards her career. When asked if she would have become an actor had it not been for that lucky break at 11, she replies, "Probably not. I want to teach or do speech therapy [she is currently doing a linguistics degree], maybe working with autistic children. It was never my goal to be an actor," she continues. "If my career ends here then fine. It's just a path in life and I've had a damn good time."

After the enormous hype of *Perfume*, when Hurd-Wood was being hailed as the next big thing by life and magazine editors alike, the teenager simply fell silent for a year. When it all seemed about to eff itself that would have on her profile? "I'm not bothered with my profile. Although I had auditions [for *Perfume*] my heart wasn't really in it," she admits. "My primary focus has always been on school. I wouldn't describe myself as an actor. I'd describe myself as a student."

And yet she has been exceptionally hard working. During her A-Level years she was doing publicity for *Perfume* before spending a month and a half away during her A-Level year shooting *Solomon Kane*. And she still came out with enviable grades. Even now, while studying at UCL, she's continued to juggle academic work while shooting *Dorian Gray*, stating that she "would love to do more film stuff at UCL."



Her latest role sees Hurd-Wood in another fairly sinister period piece in which she plays a self-harming, self-worshipping beauty. Is she worried about typecasting? "I'm sick of hearing red hair," she admits (she's naturally a brunette), "but people seem to like that aesthetic. I would really like to play someone contemporary as I've done lots of period pieces. I would love to play an American bamba or a gritty Londoner. But I'm probably more suited in people's minds to playing a consented victim. They think, 'Oh right, she's got it, she looks like she couldn't really fight back.'"

Then again, Hurd-Wood admits that she is "really crap" at most things physical! "I've got asthma but I just can't do anything physical. When I did *Peter Pan*, all the flying and sword fighting things were done by the boys." Has she ever found that she is treated differently because she's a woman? Is the acting world still a bastion of sexism? "You might get the odd comment, like 'Oh, can you do this scene in a skirt?'" she says. "But they're only joking. No one's ever been inappropriate. If someone was being derogatory towards me as a woman then I would be really pissed off and I would take them up on it."

The only behaviour that seems to irritate the Hurd-Wood is when people act strangely towards her because of what she does for a living. "I hate it when people are different towards me," she says. "You know, when people find out what I do, they look at me. So what have you been in? Who have you met that is famous? Or they just ask me if I'm famous. And I find it so weird. I mean, Kate Winslet is gorgeous and famous so I can understand when people get excited when she walks into a room. But acting is just my job. I have friends who work much harder than me."

During her brief career, Hurd-Wood has starred alongside some of Britain's most established actors. Was it intimidating to work with major stars like Alan Rickman and Colin Firth when she was starting out? "I really admire Alan Rickman, I was so nervous to meet him. But I've never worked with anyone who's scary," she says. "I mean, does that even exist? Perhaps the fact that she approached these actors as colleagues, rather than simply as a fan, helped her develop a rapport that most 16-year-olds can only dream of."

"It's funny," Hurd-Wood says. "After *Perfume* I had to leave Alan Rickman for about three months and then I saw him at an event. So I came up behind him and started pulling on his sleeve, saying, 'Mr Rickman! Oh, Mr Rickman, I'm so excited to meet you!' He just turned round with this look of despair on his face. When he saw it was me he just laughed and told me to fuck off!"



Chapter 4 of our weekly episodes, and all these episodes will be delivered to your inbox on the day of release, along with those we couldn't squeeze into the week. Next, watch our head to toe www.theresabarker.com and post your opinion online.

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Chapter FOUR

IN WHICH WE REVIEW
The Latest
FILM RELEASES



DISTRICT 9

BLANKETED BY THE LATEST
SARFETI, COMING TO THE
THEATRE IN THE

BLANKETED BY THE
SARFETI, COMING TO THE
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Back in the '90s, the sci-fi genre reckoned Lord of the Rings was unfilmable. Well, how about the story of giant possum-like aliens who arrive on Earth seeking asylum? Peter Jackson obviously knew a challenge, and, in his role as producer, he's summoned the might of the special-effects wizard at WETA to cast their spell over a swarming of *hills* (Blomkamp's 2005 rock doc *Alive in Joburg*).

Through documentary flashback, we learn that it's 30 years since a giant apartheid venture to our planet with a cargo of extra-terrestrial refugees. These unannounced visitors have since been segregated into South African society as an alien underclass, while their monolithic craft hovers ominously above the capital – an ominous portent of future conflict.

With the world watching, and relations between species deteriorating, the government

takes a shadowy, unilateralist to relocate the aliens to their new home in District 9 – little more than a shanty concentration camp. But their clandestine intentions are to find a way to harness the awesome power of the alien's biotech weaponry. Enter budding agent Wikus Van Der Merwe (Sharlto Copley) who gets contaminated with a mysterious substance during the botched clear-out, and soon sprouts an alien claw.

On the run from his former employers, and desperate to halt his metamorphosis, he enters a lawless wasteland inhabited by Nigerian gangsters trading alien anatomy with rotting "poisons" addicted to instant cat food. Darkly comic and disturbingly possible, *District 9* is an A+.

Early trailer trailers used the film's muted setting to lambaste audiences into thinking that *District 9* was an allegory for the failures of post-Apartheid South Africa

with added flashes of digital carnage. But the origins of this project provide the real clue for what to expect. After failing to secure backing for an adaptation of legendary sci-fi video game *Mohit Blomkamp* and Jackson have decided to show the studios what they meant, returning to the genre only this time released from the creative shackles that an established franchise brings.

And what a thrilling experience it turns out to be. Blandly plotted and with awesomely ironic (and outrageously bloody) action scenes, *Blomkamp* amazes himself in a major way without letting the third act crescendo lose focus on a blur of noise. For while the look of his film's gritty-tech world is the decorated scuffs of Terminator, *District 9*'s always within a framework that support is a breakfast fight and flight story.

District 9 joins *Close Encounters* as the short list of new-age action

movies fuelled by something close to auteur vision, a documentary sensibility and an open desire to defy genre pigeonholing. Managing to draw serious parallels with the way humans have the capacity to turn against each other, *Blomkamp*'s film offers thought-provoking thrills that have the audience rooting for CGI characters in a way George Lucas can only dream of. The stage might be set for a sequel, but the inevitable expectation and bigger budget (*District 9* cost just \$50m) mean it will have to go some to match the impact of a compelling modern classic. **Don Houghton**

Delicious! Producer Peter Jackson and the NZSIS workshop do the green tea while Neil Blomkamp takes part in game. **D**

Delicious! has been by us as if you're watching *Alive in Joburg* for the first time. **D**

to Houghton The last time I took in years. **D**



FISH TANK

BEHIND THE FILM
(LEFT) In *Fish Tank*, Andrea Arnold plays a young woman

Behind the scenes



Consider for a moment the title of Andrea Arnold's exhilarating second feature, *Fish Tank*. It comes loaded with the inference of restriction, of confinement, of oppression, of outsiders looking down on a lower species. It would have been a legitimate title for her previous film, *Red Road*, about a CCTV worker monitoring the actions of a man she once knew.

Yet during the first half hour of the new film – an electric and volatile slice of Thames estuary realism – Arnold's character appears to be experiencing the contrary. Their boundaries are non-existent, they thrive on spontaneity, they do as they please: they live in the moment, for better and for worse.

The film is about Mia (Kate Jarvis), a fishbowl-headed 15-year-old who, we're initially led to believe, prefers to run her head to flight rather than to think. She lives in a poky domicile on a grim high rise estate with poorly

nourished younger sister Tyler (Rebecca Griffiths) and love-stricken mother Joanne (Brendon Wearne), but spends most of her time in a deserted flat nearby where she privately teaches herself to dance.

Coming aside unnecessary exposition, it is a testament to Arnold's underused skill as a filmmaker that she is able to give us an intimate feel for these characters' lives within the first three or four minutes of film. The perfectly chosen locations, the salty language and the tense interactions between characters all drop with detail and texture.

The equanimity is tipped when trapping security guard Connor (Michael Fassbender) – the enigmatic new love interest of Mia's mother – arrives on the scene. This is where the film comes as close as it evolves into a study of class cohabitation, and perhaps more importantly, how that proximity turns the place into

a hotbed of psychological unrest. Any more detail about what actually occurs in the film would only impair its remarkable succession of genuinely startling and inspiring developments, but a really concerns Connor's seemingly benign efforts to draw Mia from her shell.

As was already hinted at in *Red Road*, Arnold demonstrates an almost Hitchcockian ability to visualize encroaching danger and coded emotion on screen. It's this that pushes *Fish Tank* into an altogether higher bracket of filmmaking. Some scenes are likely to be the most agonizingly tense you'll see in the cinema this year: as Arnold, with the aid of DOP Robbie Ryan, doesn't so much film the action as audaciously raise our anxieties with the camera. Cuts should also go to her actors, who give Arnold their all. Fassbender has never been better. Newcomer Jarvis effortlessly carries the film. But while Arnold's technique

is remarkable for sure, her writing still needs some fine-tuning. A subplot involving a sort of love affair with Harry Broadway's gritty traveller feels extraneous, and Mia's strange dream to find his chanted-up home is too pronounced a visual metaphor to sit next to the quietly calm realists of the film's soundtrack. But these are easily forgiven flaws in what is a lean, empathetic and dramatically credible portrait of desperation and desire on the order-placed streets of adolescence. **Alex Marsh**

Behind the scenes Arnold's previous *Red Road* grossed twice as a ticket to watch **1**

Outspoken Expressing and brutally mauling British crime 'You're Arnold could make make a bad film **1**

In the spotlight Award a quick place Arnold in the multiplex league, but actually put her in the top five in four British film-makers currently at work **1**

(500) DAYS OF SUMMER

WINNER of the top
EMMA Best Screenplay
and Best Actor
and Best Actress

500
DAYS
OF
SUMMER

Is this the best non-com for bikes ever made? Directed by a man (Marc Webb), written by two men (Scott Nissem and Michael H. Weber), and starring the handsome of another (Joseph Gordon-Levitt as Tom Hansen), *(500) Days of Summer* shows men to be as sensitive, as vulnerable and as romantic as women.

In other words it's pure quirk. With a narrative mystery that hops backwards and forwards through Tom's relationship with his one and only Summer (Zooey Deschanel), it follows emotional triggers in the same way that an overheard song will throw you back into memory.

And it's interlarded with sharp humour. Punctuated by a great

soundtrack. Possessed of an indie sensibility. Staffed with delicious no-great-films. And laced with the universal truth that any of us can fall in love with The One... only to find that The One doesn't see it that way.

If *(500) Days* rambles, it's only because it could have gone further. The ending nods in the direction of the mainstream, sacrificing the courage of its indie convictions. But the mainstream consensus should sit at up-and-down from the bewilderment of this indie beauty!

Director Marc Webb deserves credit for casting excellent and uncompromising leads for showing Los Angeles as a town with an aesthetic, and for his deft handling of male vulnerability. And with that, the film provides our longing pop culture. It is sensible that Deschanel's *Summer* has been criticised for her insensitivity when, if the roles were reversed, the male would suffer no such dissent.

(500) Days of Summer is a great film – a snap on genre and

gender development that will be referenced for years to come. And aside from all that, it's really good fun. **Lauren Hoggins**

Adaptation It's all told as word of mouth. **B**

Trappings Best non-one of the year that for *Summer* and *Summer*. **B**

Is it a great film? Yes you can *(500) Days of Summer*. **B**



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JESSE EISENBERG: MAN OF LETTERS

INTERVIEW BY OAN BRIGHTMORE

FILMOGRAPHY JESSE EISENBERG

Unbroken (2017)
Before We (2017)
Goosebumps (2015)
Big Top Pee-wee (2012)
Don't Expect the Unexpected (2012)
The Way, Way Back (2013)
Carrie (2013)
On the Edge of Hell (2013)
The Way (2014)
The Way (2014)
The Way (2014)
The Way (2014)

Jesse Eisenberg has taken time out from his post-grad studies to make a flying visit to the Edinburgh Film Festival. It might sound like he's leaving the beach with a jet-setting Hollywood lifestyle, but the cerebral young actor, who first came to our attention in the indie rite-of-passage tale *Rogue* (2009) and then *The Sign* and *The Whale*, doesn't hang out at those teen parties. "I live in New York. Besides, I guess I have lofty ideals and don't care much about celebrity." Warning to the theme he jokes, "Anyway, I'm not so famous that people are relying on me to make their lives." That might all be about to change.

In the *90s* *Adventures*, Eisenberg's James is stranded with a dead-end job at an amusement park. Set to move out on a planned summer trip, he's faced with a depressing alternative — childhood best friend Philo threatening to jack off in his face if he fails to sleep after drinking. But what about Eisenberg's own adolescence? "I had a weird childhood," he recalls. "I had no friends my own age. When I was younger I did a lot of theatre and all my friends were in their forties, so if they'd done that they would have been married. I guess they got jacking off in people's faces out of their apertures before I met them."

Performance is the blood for Eisenberg — his mother used to be a clown at children's parties — and with some delicate bag down experience he struggles to remember doing a boring summer job. But he does admit that he didn't like working for his dad. "No summer that's started out bad has ever turned out good for me. I once worked with my father doing construction in New Jersey. It just got worse as it went on and I quit. And said, 'I say all the time anyway,' he deadpans.

Superstar director Greg Mottola has crafted a bitumen-wet romantic comedy perfect for Eisenberg's subtle approach. He plays an innocent, comically corrupted by experience, using slapstick bits to draw the audience in. Like James, Eisenberg says he held out for the right girl and now lives with his partner of seven years. "I guess James is a romantic idealist who wants to fall in love with a girl before he has sex with her. He might be neurotic like Woody Allen but he's less neurotic and proves that nice guys can get the girl. The advice he gets from Ryan Reynolds' character is terrible but he says honestly."

The New York neoclassic of Woody Allen in *Love* *Wif* springs to mind, with Eisenberg both nervously affable and prone to flights of jokey fancy. "We weren't allowed on the ride during filming for fear of us dying. Insurance didn't allow it. I don't even know what my whole mind is turning into right

now. It's like those implies that not themselves."

Eisenberg must be a connoisseur for Michael Cassa's crown as the gorky gay for comedy vulnerability, but it's refreshing to meet an actor who takes time with a pinch of self who, when pressed, admits it is not even a career goal for him. "It's hard to be working at all after taking time out to finish college. I'm studying anthropology but I want to be a playwright in New York. A play of mine is being turned into a movie but I don't like writing movies — it doesn't come so naturally to me."

For a guy with such reluctance to commit to the craft he's certainly busy. This autumn he'll be seen in *Harmonized* *Zandvoort*, well outside his comfort zone. "It's a buddy comedy about these two guys trying to get home together running from hordes of zombies. Bill Murray, Amber Heard and Woody Hamilton are in it too. It's fictional but funny and pretty gay — a great Halloween movie." He's also worked on a film with Limp Bizkit frontman Fred Durst. "It to be released in the UK, it's been described as an LGBT League version of *Right Club*. It's called *The Education of Charlie Banks*," explains Jesse. "My character witnesses a murder and years later thinks he may be living with the killer on a college campus. It doesn't work out for either of them," he reveals anxiously.

But to further showcase his diversity, Eisenberg has wrapped up a deal but today-sounding *Triller* called *Willy Willy*, the intense true-life story of a Mexican Jew who became an ecstasy dealer working as a drug mule for an Italian gang in the '90s. Added to this, he's signed on to play legendary Beat poet Allen Ginsberg in *Drive*. *Kirby* *Ginsberg*, set on the Columbia University campus of the 1960s and based on a murder case involving fellow Beat poet Jack Kerouac and William S. Burroughs.

Beyond acting, Eisenberg is keen to get back to his studies, and his early passion — music. "I played drums when I was a kid. I'm going to be an actor, what a road?" But the New York playwright was always destined to be a man of letters, and now has a website, anyone can. It's not a doggy porn portal but a sophisticated worldly game site. Since his acting career took off it's been dormant, but it's further proof that Eisenberg is a one-of-a-kind, cheerfully at odds with the creative outer production line of questionable, now talent starring in the next film of popcorn fare. If he does defect for good, the silver screen's loss will be theatre's gain.

[Read the full interview online in the week of the film's release.](#)



ADVENTURELAND

REYNOLDS
WATTS

ADVENTURELAND
COMING TO THEATERS
AND DVD/BLU-RAY



This is the greatest project that Greg Mottola put on the back burner when Judd Apatow's Hollywood laugh machine came calling with the chance to direct *Superbad*. So how do you follow a high-swinging, gag-happy behemoth? "With a quiet, sensitive and beautifully played rom-com, it seems

Adventureland is set in a pastel-shaded '60s where a merley crew of posh-heads, geeks and bubble-gum blowing ladies struggle through summer in Pennsylvania as carnies running the bonfire at an old-school amusement park. Managed by a comically rampant Hill Hader (Beth Rea-Night), teenage cop premier in *Superbad* who rides the park with an iron fist — "We pay my boys to go to work a day to make these prices. We

can't put [we] them away" — a riotous roller coaster and hash-cookie-fueled do-dash drive from the backdrop to a sweet summer for Jason (Reynolds) and Janie (Watts).

It's a summer that Mottola experienced first hand, and with a soundtrack featuring the likes of Polka's *Rock Me Amadeus*, we're transported to a version of the '60s that recalls the styling of Dennis Dyer. Whether or not you're a child of the decade that gave us cheap pop and a water tower in the White House, this movie will make a friend with anyone who's done a crappy job that ended up being the best time of their life. Compared to the cold decision of actual 60s rites of passage movies like the drug-fueled adaption of *Filter* (Keanu Reeves' *Get That Zero*,

it is, despite its occasional *Superbadness* ("You gotta show me some stuff") in a teeny-eyed way of a young man's yearning for life away from a small town.

Ryan Reynolds came up in an unlikely career as the theme park lunkhead who's a classed big fish in a small pond. He was the boy that he once paired with Lisa Kudrow to star in *Friday's* Kristin Stewart. James has fallen for her in a big way, while Reynolds dishes out relationship advice to further combat the love-struck youth. "We're men. We're used to meet our needs."

It's here that Mottola keeps two paces spacing. On the one hand we have a new cool comedy with big hair and smug cow-boys — "Stroke it into a tube sock and

eat my dick cheese!" — and on the other a cynical love triangle that speaks of Reynolds' broken dreams (a washed-up performer at an amusement park clinging to youthful emotions) and Reynolds' dilemma — whether to follow his heart or his motherhood. Like all films that strike a chord, you'll find yourself applying your own memories as the credits roll on a comedy that fires the heart. **Don't Blink**

Adventureland The trailer looks like more slapstick mayhem from the director of *Superbad* **B**

Reynolds The trailer led. This is a another treatment of the sexual themes of growing up given a high-end road-traveler **B**

Watts Will know you with a smile as your best friend's sister living with you **B**



THE IMAGINARIUM OF DOCTOR PARNASSUS

WATCH
THIS

HEATH LEDGER
ON HIS
LAST ACT



There are two moments in Tony Gilt's latest flight of fancy that strike a strangely nostalgic chord. And they are both unsurprising, that is to do with Heath Ledger. The first occurs inside the eponymous Parnassus' looking glass, which transports individuals to a realm where their imagination is brought historically to life. Perched by an old black man, a woman gapes. "Oh, no, oh, look," as miniature faience birds drift downsize, adorned with the visage of lost martyrs — James Dean, Princess Di. The woman's companion calms her. "They will be young forever, now."

The second arresting moment comes as we are introduced to Tony (Ledger). In one of *Parnassus'* best crafted scenes, a flash of lightning reveals a shadow on the Thames alerting the doc's rag tag crew to a man hanging by a noose from a South London bridge. Mounting a rescue mission, they pull the young man to safety, administer CPR, and Tony gapes back to life.

A year after his tragic and

untimely death, Heath Ledger returns for his final bow. But can anything live up to such heightened expectations? Well, frustratingly, no.

Frustrating, because Parnassus has all the makings of a classic fairytale. Infused with stunning vistas and soaring messages, not to mention a plot that dabbles in some interesting philosophical ideas, Parnassus presents a world you can enter — and one that you desperately want to believe in.

Director Terry Gilliam has long cemented the marker in look, and here he pulled out all the stops to indulge in full-on weird wheremy Dr Parnassus (Christopher Plummer) a past his sell-by-date. And he has every right to be — hundreds of years ago he made a deal with the devil, Mr Nick (Clom Waldo), and earned himself immortality. Now, he travels through London with his daughter Valerius (Lily Cole) fleeing Percy (Nina Toppo) and young entrepreneur Arion (Andrew Garfield), offering his unique ability to bring people's imaginations to

life in return for cash. But just as the ingenious Tony enters the crew's lives, so does Mr Nick — and he wants Valerius for himself.

Sadly, along with Gilliam's chicanery with the animations and the unusual comes his total lack of imagination (namely an emotion) more than a sacrifice substance for a plot. But the main problem also lies with Ledger himself. Setting aside the tragedy, it's clear that the disheveled actor was cast to bring a certain rough edge to a character always half in shadow. But Ledger just doesn't fit Gilliam's larger-than-life world. In contrast, Johnny Depp plays the same role when Tony steps through Parnassus' mirror and adds a muskily eyed charm that more elegantly marries the film's tones.

Ah yes, Ledger's stand-in Depp. Just like Colin Farrell were all drafted in to play Tony when he steps through the magical looking glass (Ledger had finished shooting all of his real world scenes). But does the glamour work? Only just. Playing experts

of Tony's personality have the tact from offering a more straight impersonation, but the lighting of the role gives Parnassus an off balance feel that trips a tip even as it's getting going.

So, positively? Lily Cole is Parnassus, an often beauty who more than holds her own against Christopher Plummer in some powerfully emotional scenes. And you can't fault the film's ambition, with some truly memorable cinematography lingering long after the credits (London never looked cooler or darker). Sadly, Parnassus' stop-start narrative frustrates, while much of the melancholy relies on Ledger's involvement. Still, these are these moments. **Jack Wills**

Antipathy. Gilliam's surreal lights hit Heath hard. **B+**

Delusion. It's very striking, then, how easily adding Bill the python back in. **B**

In Disguise. It's surprisingly good. Lily Cole didn't let Parnassus off her back. **B**

THE COVE

Watch O'Barry's
dolphin training
and his new film

Watch
O'Barry's
dolphin training
and his new film

Each year, consigned by the fishermen that lose its shores, 25,000 dolphins are slaughtered in the secluded inlets of the small fishing town of Taiji, Japan. It was an anxiety that has gone largely unnoticed over the years, notwithstanding the dolphins' plight, victims of one man.

Richard O'Barry seems like any animal activist – a conscious mix of nobility and fanaticism. But it was O'Barry who, in the 1960s, trained the dolphins on famed TV series, *Mipper*. He is a relic of a more freekier time, when human ignorance proved the way for future environmental catastrophes. It is guilt and shame that drives him.

The real tragedy, however, is that O'Barry is a lone ranger – an ageing activist desperately searching for disciples ready to

pick up where he leaves off. On this particular mission he is assisted by an entourage of filmmakers and theorists, but you can't help feel that most are adrenaline junkie dogooders tagging along for the ride. Over-emphasising their special-ops style uncovering of Taiji's dolphin harvest, their theatrics give the film a fictional feel in places, more fitting to a Hollywood thriller.

After several heated encounters with the local fishermen and the International Whaling Commission, the enemy is clearly marked. But the Japanese people have been

given a raw deal here: an entire nation forced to carry the can for the callous actions of a minority. Director (and co-founder of the Ocean Preservation Society) Louie Psihoyos' busy finger pointing belies his film's intent.

Nonetheless, facts, stats and grim archive footage help build up a convincing if one-sided case. But it is the film's seclusionary overt recording that underpins the true power of documentary cinema. The lifeline cartoon worms that lap the sands of the cove are amongst the most shocking, disorienting images you

are ever likely to see. "The dolphins are a nature's greatest deception," O'Barry notes. It is the vulnerability of these animals in the hands of man that is nature's most profound and painful truth. **Audience Award**

Anticipation: It must surely be a moment of great significance for the film. **Anticipation:** It must surely be a moment of great significance for the film.

Anticipation: It must surely be a moment of great significance for the film.

Anticipation: It must surely be a moment of great significance for the film.



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SALLY POTTER: SOUND & FURY INTERVIEW BY SOPHIE IVAN

FILMOGRAPHY SALLY POTTER

Age (1991)

Mr. Potter

On the Waterfront (1992)

Outrage (1992)

Week (1992)

Weekend in the Country (1992)

Weekend in the Country (1992)

Sally Potter has a whiff of Marnie about her. Not literally, let's be clear, but her films don't exactly inspire knee-slitting. Even since her feature debut, *The God Part* in 1983, she's run the critical gamut, from borderline hug-a-pity to outright disdain. In 1994, the then National Film Theatre even pulled her programme as a season of films that inspired *The God Part* (no puns, then). She didn't release her next film, *Outrage*, until 1992, making your average case of second album syndrome look like a minor affliction by comparison.

Her latest, *Age*, has already reaped critical accolades since its unveiling in Berlin last February. It's been admired up and spat out as a master mystery-thriller-fashion industry satire, but, discussing it with Potter herself, it quickly becomes clear that that wasn't actually the film she was trying to make. "Funny enough, I've never felt that the fashion world itself is the focus of the film," she explains. "It's the setting, but it's a setting you never see." Rather, it's a world that Potter describes as "less-represented" in people's consciousness that if you say "catwalk," everybody knows what that looks like.

That made it ideal for what is, undeniably, a daring and original-themed experiment. We never see a screen or photographic flourish throughout the whole film, which is essentially a series of intimate monologues from the 14 cast members (a roster pasty with dripping wit-A-listers, including Judi Dench, Jude Law, Oliver Platt, Rie Rasmussen, Lily Cole, and John Leguizamo). There isn't as much as a prop in sight and, eschewing anything approaching production design, every performance was filmed in front of a green screen, with stars colored (designated) (not recommended for anyone susceptible to nightmares) later added in.

The point being? "It's what's behind that [surface], the individuals behind that—including those hidden women who rarely get a voice—but because the setting for a word that could equally apply to other industries but, in this case, is so much about the world of the seen and the unseen," Potter explains. "So, there's those kind of paradoxes that made it attractive as a setting, especially a setting you didn't see."

One such "hidden worker" is the God-parting Hesperia as actress, Anita De Los Angeles, whose presence might have prompted some of the accusations of excessive laziness of the film. It's a bit of a paradox, then, isn't it? "It turned out it was her [Adriana Bernaschi's] real name," laughs Potter. "So it's not too paradoxical."

It's not just Bernaschi's character that contains stereotypes, though. What was Potter thinking, for instance, having Lily Cole—who's just bagged a First in her end-of-year exams at Cambridge, and carelessly defies the stereotype of the catwalk cog-wheel—play a quivering 14-year-old model, whose systematic exploitation we're at the front or with? After auditioning "lots of actors," says Potter, "I realized that to show a model character, you've really got to show the real thing, it just doesn't work, showing somebody who wasn't what that could be. Her point was: Paint her, she's a really, really interesting performer."

Potter describes Cole as "incredibly at ease with the work," though it was her end-of-experience she wanted to capture. "Lily's new 21, but when she first started, she was like that. When her mum saw it, she said, 'Oh, that's just how Lily was when she was 16!'" Ultimately though, Cole's character does not conform to type. "I think what she does in her part as Lorraine is she stands out by looking like one thing but becoming the other. She's the one, after all," Potter points out, "who gets the last word, and gets the screen in her hand at the end. So, this kind of thing, sometimes 16-year-olds is going to be the one who's the author of the future." It's a code that makes the viewer struggle back to the first scene of *Outrage*, her twelfth-century story of Virginia Woolf's novel, in which the gender-daring film director (tentatively played by Tilda Swinton) is filmed by her young daughter.

Such cynicism reflects the lack of self-consciousness and awareness with which Potter seems to plunge herself into every film, no though, each one is her first. Granted, it's an approach that doesn't always pay off, but she can hardly be accused of lay or formulaic filmmaking.

She speaks with a shimmering lack of cynicism about the possibilities of digital filmmaking and distribution. She repeatedly refers to herself as "like a child" when describing her director's strategy for *Age*. It might help answer some questions about the plausibility of *Age*'s bare concept: the narrative unfolds through the character's self-narration to a teenager, Michaelangelo, who leaks the footage, filmed on his mobile, onto the internet.

Surely people wouldn't keep coming back to have their heads on film, if they knew it was being broadcast online? "Anyone will talk to somebody who will really listen. Most of us don't really get listened to," says Potter. "A few people have said it would never happen. I know it happens, because, first of all, when I was a child that was what people did to me. Adults ordered themselves to me and there must have been something in my gaze, as a child, that invited it." Even if you don't buy this argument, Potter's reference to reality is ironic—"The inner world of the characters, unfolding, or, better, through the lens of conventional that we're now familiar with from so many other things—like *Big Brother* and stuff"—is harder to quibble with.

Whether it's writing a script solely in linear perspective (2004's *Yes*) or packing the 400-year history of a Modernist living closer into a 90-minute feature (*Outrage*), Potter's every gesture will always leave her open to accusations of pretentiousness. Twenty-five years' practice comes in handy when dealing with them, though, as becomes clear when asked how she researched *Age*'s character: "The glamorous fashion designer—well, I found myself observing my own behavior when being interviewed," she says with a knowing grin in her eye. "Well here I am, you're asking me to talk, and I'm having grandiose thoughts about 'my work,'" she laughs. It makes hysterical sense. "Yes, I love you, how perfect, opening this stuff and try and be accurate, but being invited to talk about your work does invite a degree of ponderousness. If you're not careful about it."

[Read the full interview online in the week of the film's release.](#)



RAGE

BOOKS
The Editors

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A big hit set *Alan Ford* is the phrase. Morley's Todd McCarthy applied to *Losers* von Trier's *Amoralist* when it first lined-up at Cannes earlier this year. But while it's safe bet that von Trier was intentionally lying out a gross shoopee caution for his critics, the same can't be said for Billy Porter's *Lesser*. No flake has met with proportionate (though far less disarming) levels of critical and/or jury interest in Berlin each the year.

The premise – a series of internet monologues from a host of characters (among them, a dragged-up Jade Law playing a thickly accented supernatural named Ming) at the centre of a New York fashion industry murder mystery, filmed by an internet-savvy teen blogger called 'Michelangelo' – might

sound like a terminally bad joke, or an excruciating stick figure drawing project. Unfortunately (and, in some ways, admirably), Porter is entirely serious.

Butter has always taken risks, sometimes for better (*Drizzle*), sometimes for worse (*The Way We Live Now*). In this case, a badly mistaken production process—Poe had just two days with each cast member and a crew which consisted of herself, a former opera-singer, and her sound-recording—leaves neither Poe nor her scores so much as a fig leaf to hide behind. That means, yes, you did hear Steve Nouri's hand-named two-physics-magister named-jaded-fish-on-magister-spout-a-jerk-like, "Tahoon... Nor with a gun... though I know how to." But then

are some hits you don't have to switch through your fingers.

While the characters rarely transcend their types, there are sparks of Pator's underdog wit and some performances to savor. As a hodgepodge of backlogs, John Leguizamo performs with infectious underdogism, and national treasure Judi Dench pops up to mind as a usually cynical fiction journalist Mimi Canell. Though he luxuriates in some delivery, Dench shows what a gift Pator's domestic scenario is to actors who are up to the job - rather than let's face it the ego of some of her costars. That'll be Julie Law, then.

Power and hot iron, at once, have paid great attention to detail when it comes to sound.

design. An ever-present, usually derided ambient soundtrack hums beneath the characters' on-screen confessions. And rather than being used simply to accent vivid or emotional themes—as we're so unthinkingly accustomed to—music and sound take on a character and energy all of their own. Just unravelling so much technical craft is, in the end, this richness of form reveals a power of substance. **Scarface** (R)

Abstract. A Sully Petrel-Eel is the first record of association. 

Disclaimer: What you get in this case is sometimes a little harder to explain.

In Between. Perhaps not. Patsy's first love
had deep, a characteristically complex and
bizarre story. **C**



THE SOLOIST

EDGE
OF
GLORY

DOWNEY'S LAST
APPEARANCE IN
A MAJOR FILM



You could watch Robert Downey Jr. clean a toilet with a toothbrush and be fascinated. His personal history, combined with his on-screen chemistry, means that however much time he's ending coated in – and how there's both his own and a cypress – he can do little wrong. It's true again in *The Soloist*. It's only the film's commercialization that periodically stinks.

Director Joe Wright, so temperate and tight with *Pride & Prejudice* and *Atanarjuat*, appears to have taken full of the studio trap: Green a big budget and US co-production, he's overextended, losing the nose on the film with some truly dire lines, overbearing metaphorical moments propens flying, music swelling, an avant-garde flicker film, and a paper-mâché globe.

Such films make you wish – hard – that you could make *The Soloist* from a good film into a 'great' one, as there is much of merit here. This is a superbly performed examination of two lonely men both existing in a Platonic netherworld. One, Steve Lopez (Downey Jr.) was LA Times journalist – alone – dysfunctional divorced. The other, Nathaniel Ayers (Jesse Foster), is a hoarse-schizophrenic, socially disabled and, as Steve discovers, a genius on the living outside social parameters.

As Steve attempts to nurture Nathaniel's talent and draw him into sheltered housing, the film provides a poignant example of middle-class patronage as an avoidance of self-examination. It's wonderful to realize that Nathaniel's life is a hard-learned means of self-

medication that enables him to survive mental illness, whereas it is Steve who cannot resolve his failed relationship with Catherine Keener's Mary (Keener and Downey Jr. forge a moving slice of modern marriage on the film's fringe).

As powerful and as subtle as the knowledge that real life occupies Downtown LA's homeless Lamp Community around in the film. The poem soft labored, but it's made evident in the end credits and is enough to reduce you to tears.

But on leaving, one cannot feel unadaptable. Wright's major mistake in the flashback to Nathaniel's background: *Mandarin* TV movie amples and, ironically, very middle-class performing, it causes the film's trajectory to go limp. In a way Wright has attempted

to mirror the entirety of Benjamin Button into proceedings.

This is deeply frustrating, as there is such dynamism here – in performance – in Wright's depiction of LA as something akin to Dante's Inferno, and in his use of the cello as a human voice. Why he didn't edit the film back to Downey Jr. a point of view is a mystery. Or perhaps a compromise he was forced to make. If that's the case, he'd do better to fly solo again in future. **Lucien Harper**

Antipalms Reassuring that story by Steve Lopez. Striking work. Great little slice of a director. **D**

Equipment Speeds and stills: the highest extraordinary and the slowest black dog. **B**

In Rehearsal Steve's silent scene. **D**

COLIN

WHEN THE
CLOCK IS
TICKING

When *50 Cent's* first album came out, it was never possible to find out anything about the music, only the name list about the man himself repeated ad nauseam. He got shot nine times! So it is with *Colin*. The one thing we know about this film is that it was shot for £40k, but once the lights go down, this counts for nothing. The only question is whether it's any good.

For the most part, *Colin* answers in the negative as we watch our trailer hero (Alastair Kirton) transformed into a zombie, stumbling aimlessly round town, occasionally watching people being eaten or eating themselves. This analogy, all but silent narrative is compounded by director Isaac Piller's contrived use of blurry



care whenever it comes for the zombie to feed. Too often, the audience is left clueless as to the film's composition, until a bloody cadaver reveals that yet another stranger has died a nasty death.

Around the hour mark things pick up: *Colin's* family and friends reject some emotion as we realise what it means to watch someone you love become undead, knowing that soon you'll be like them too. We see Colin pine pathetically at

the window of a fashion he's looked made, as he stares blindly at his lover struggling to abandon him forever. It's a touching scene, but too late, too late.

By this point, the meagre budget has taken its toll. Many scenes are too poorly lit to be enjoyable. Coupled with the contrived camerawork, a good 25 per cent of the film is unwatchable. That said, *Colin* clearly isn't as mindless as your average low-budget zombie thriller.

Synthesiser, allegory and tragedy are all here, but you've got to put up with a lot to get to them. It's a horror film with brains, but unfortunately most of them are eaten by the zombies. Jonathan Williams

Anticipation: Budget disaster film 1

Opinion: How can a zombie monster be so good? 1

In Release: Well, there don't seem to be 1

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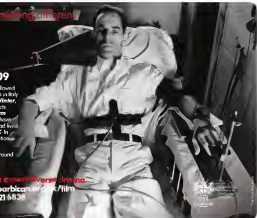
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DORIAN GRAY

WILDE'S PORTRAIT OF
DORIAN GRAY IS THE
MOST FASCINATING

TRAILER



The *Picture of Dorian Gray* is just too juicy a template to leave alone: with its sexual deviance, eternal youth, and tradition of one-liners from the master of aphorism, Oscar Wilde. Matthew Goode's 2006 fuller underscored its timeless appeal by transposing Dorian into a world of coke-smorting, youth-obsessed fashionistas. Here, director Oliver Parker cannily reuses Wilde's Victorian setting/plot takes the liberty of extravagantly oversteating every gap left by suggestion in the original text with sex and violence. A particular highlight offers a combination of the two, as incarnations of Dorian's SEM exploit an incest with an afternoon tea scene. Can abundant close-ups of amorous scenes being deflected

with roughly clothed groans and sexy bloody oozy strawberry preserve. It's all a bit tacky.

Because this is 2009, Dorian (Ben Barnes) is generously furnished with a psychological backstory of child abuse (complete with fuzzy flashbacks to a heavily atonic) presumably to explain his Freudian aspirations. My grandpa, Lord Koko, like, didn't love me, so I sold my soul to the devil in exchange for eternal youth, yeah? Shucks, why didn't you just say so? As for the infamous portrait, as Dorian's soul shatters up in reverse proportion to the notches on his bedstead, not only do maggots crawl out of the canvas, the painting itself makes what can only be described as zombie noises.

The 14 cut-out and Wilde's

snigging dialogue generally manage to make themselves heard above the overproduced din, though. Colin Firth clearly relishes his role as super-cynic and arch-corrupter Lord Henry Wotton, who spins over Dorian a soul with Ben Chaplin's warily apophoric Basil Hallward. With two fingers up to chronology, the action shifts from the 1890s to a good decade or so after Wilde's death in 1906—where Rebecca Hall is drafted in to play Henry's suffragette daughter and Dorian's lost-chance redeemer Hall, as ever, lights up the screen, with a hint as the feisty, woody rootbeer, medieval burlesque love interest. If you're struggling to envisage it, just close your eyes and think of any film that's ever been on.

Albert Lewin's 1945 adaptation made a virtue of understatement, allowing Dorian to drowse to creep up on the viewer like a cold shiver, resending the odd flash of colour photography to accent the spectacle of the degenerating portrait. Parker directs his version like a kid who, after one, too many Harbets, has been let loose with a bumper pack of poster paint. **Sophie Breen**

Refracted: Its best not to get excited about any re-enactment of such a classic. Like a moth to a flame. **1**

Delayed: Gasp! Oh, Dorian meets Wilde's wit, dictated by the gay who made *12 Monkeys*. **1**

In Refracted: And we mention it was directed by the gay who made *12 Monkeys*. **2**

MORRIS: A LIFE WITH BELLS ON

REUNITED
TO LIVE
A LIFE WITH BELLS ON
AND A LIFE WITH BELLS OFF

WINTER
COMES

Dereq Twist (Charles Thomas Olfend) is a world-renowned avant-folk dancer on a mission to modernise this much-maligned art. In doing so, he annoys The Morris Cycle – the ancient governing body of morris-dancing in England. This parades a tragedy that arises. Twist personally, all of which is characterised by a film crew making a documentary.

Twist did think that the combination of documentary filmmaking and a rite-for-urban style of dance that encourages its participants to drink gallons of cider and dance up the demented Celtic parades would make for a balanced experience.

THE FIRM

REUNITED
TO LIVE
A LIFE WITH BELLS ON
AND A LIFE WITH BELLS OFF

WINTER
COMES

After the *misleading Outlaw*, Nick Lowe takes on Alan Clark's fondly-remembered 1988 bookish drama *The Firm*, successfully moving out some of the films that even Gary Oldman's classic charisma couldn't cover up in the original.

This is the world of football camps! Dom (Colum McNick) who is connected with the state, his social and corporate sponsors of West Ham's later City Firm boys. Reading around on East London cases whose community spirit is decaying in Thatcher's huge new world of individualism. Dom finds himself outgrowing his childhood mates 'Yearning for Firm leader Rex's (Paul Anderson) attention, he embarks on a course of seduction and self-renewal that yields



After about 10 minutes it is clear that this is not the case. *Morris: A Life With Bells On* isn't funny, witty, irreverent, satirical or any other adjective in the English vernacular capable of stopping anyone slipping into a boredom-induced coma.

As well as taking on the comedy form, it is a bit characteristically too, without a single moment that even remotely resembles a

genuine documentary. It is all so neatly edited, although in fairness, Adrian MacAuliffe as the much-died producer could easily be mistaken for someone hanging around the set, asking those questions opposed to a professional actor.

The idea is a good one, but the execution leaves so much to be desired that, unfortunately, *Morris: A Life With Bells On* will

no doubt be relegated to the bargain bin of could-be-would-be should-been films, conceding that just don't work. **Liamann Bell**

Adaptation: Not another modern-day **B**

Suggestion: That was a comedy right? **B**

In Rehearsal: The most in-funny British comedy to add to the list **B**



elaborate, pretentious and baroque undertones in equal measure.

The basic narrative – involving a vendetta between Rex and Michael's daddy 'Yes (Daniel Mays) is enough to sustain some aesthetically confined series of sweet tear ups. But it's the style and sense of Lowe's film that is memorable. The original *Firm* checked on an overdose of leather trenchcoats, chains and DMs. Here, *Firm* is more and more the same, as the filmmaker

of labels that failed the camera is reinstated at the heart of the action. While the soundtrack, declining to show on urban rage, reflects the aspirational good-times spirit that was the bygone of the recent and narcissistic lifestyle.

The Firm is hardly calculated to convert those who find Lowe's work brash, clichéd and empty, but there's a good deal of warmth and humour here. And it, as in *The Illusionist*, the social comment

is a little more fitted, it's delivered with a stylish homony of invention. **Paul Fawcough**

Adaptation: Like many films can look less original in the past years? And when the hell is *Sammy Jay*? **B**

Suggestion: Value: It's a bit of a pity the typical ending of eye-opening **B**

In Rehearsal: Not as dark as it is intended, but there's a little more to it than that **B**

INSIDE THE HURT LOCKER: DIRECTOR KATHRYN BIGELOW AND WRITER MARK BOAL DISH THE INSIDE TRACK ON THEIR IRAQ WAR DRAMA. INTERVIEW BY KINGSLEY MARSHALL

FILMOGRAPHY KATHRYN BIGELOW

McMafia (2018)
A 11 *The Messenger* (2017)
The Weight of Water (2016)
Orange Is the New Black (2015)
Prisoners (2013)
Blue Steel (1989)
Iron Dawn (1987)
The Sentinel (1982)

Kathryn Bigelow's first feature since *K-11: The Widespreader* finds her collaborating with Mark Boal, whose screenplay for *The Hurt Locker* originated from *The Men in The Woods* But, a feature first published in 2005, and based upon Boal's experiences as a reporter embedded with a bomb disposal team in Baghdad first on location in Jordan, with multiple cameras leading as intensive — almost documentary — feel, the action is entirely secondary to the visceral experiences of the three men on it employed in the most dangerous of occupations.

"I had a desire to be more topical," explains Bigelow. "*K-11* came from Florida, courtesy of Clint Eastwood, for me. The Hurt Locker was the opportunity to extend realism as a test within the medium and push film to be relevant, as opposed to historical. I'd pursued a number of negative articles before I was introduced to Mark's work, and was intensely interested when he told me that he was going off on a journalistic mission to Baghdad with the bomb squad."

"Though the route from journalist to screenwriter is traditionally borne with a lot of pain and frustration, I've been incredibly lucky," adds Boal, laughing. "There's not a lot of easier routes in life these days, and I've never really understood why these kinds of movies aren't made anymore. Obviously I believed there was no opening there, and I was naive enough at the time to be excited about the value of reporting some of the details of journalism type film. It was definitely worth an experiment, and has turned into something of an adventure."

"Mark's script carefully called the reader's orientation in any given bomb-displacement sequence," says Bigelow. "Not only does the film try to humanize that event, but also be slowly clear as to how important geography is in the process and protocol of bomb-displacement. It had to be very clear where the bomb tech was in relation to the bomb itself, the 100 meters, 75 meters and 50 meters before they reached the point of no return — the kill zone. To achieve that, we needed a very desirable camera, and it was important to be able to shoot both tight and wide; tight in order to capture the emotion, and wide to make sure that the audience had a fundamental understanding of what was going on in any given environment."

"On the page, scenes such as the night fight read not only like real life, but offered a highly romanticized expression of that kind of combat," she adds. "The degree of specificity in the script was both exciting and inspiring, and I really wanted to protect that aspect. In my early readings of the script, I made sure that the beats were there, and that the audience was as equally enraptured as the surprise of each moment of the engagement. Mark and I had discussed quite early on how we had wanted it to be a movie led by sound design, offset their score, and allow the sound to complete the image.

"We had an incredible sound recordist, Ray Dieckert, who usually stayed on location hours after the crew had left and would come back with tracks upon tracks upon tracks; and we also benefited from having Phil Johnston on the crew. He is an extraordinary sound designer, probably best known for his work on the *Spider-Man* series, but who had also happened to have worked as a scripter in the Swedish military years earlier, which helped bring another layer of specificity to his contribution to the film. Because the repetitive nature of sound can often serve to please tension, when I approached the composers, Marco Beltrami and Buck Sanders, I asked them to work on blurring the distinction between the score and other sounds within the film. How that worked was that the sound designer passed an orange hoodie in the color work from a helicopter, say, or the sound of sun or sand — which would be incorporated into the score by the composers, who would then negotiate with their own studio feedback."

On the subject of the film's independence from the main Hollywood studio, Bigelow says: "The independent financing was absolutely critical to many of these decisions, and I don't think we could have made the film under any other circumstances. Certainly we couldn't have shot it in Jordan, as I can't imagine a studio considering that production, but it's absolutely a written scenario for a filmmaker in terms of autonomy."

"The price you pay for that is an incredibly modest budget, but the upside is one of content, substance and craft: we had complete creative control, final cut and the opportunity to cast break-out talent. For example, rather as we had anticipated that there would be actors in a military Iraq; soldiers living in Anbar at the time of filming, some of whom were actors, but we were able to immediately load them into the shoot. The result was that all of the speaking parts were played by Iraqis, as were most of the background scene, and the man who plays the suicide bomber at the end is a fully well known stage actor in Baghdad."

"That created a stage for people to be realer, I think," suggests Boal. "Javier [Bermel] has talked about how, at a certain point, it didn't feel as though he was acting at all, but reacting. After all, he may have been playing a white guy in the Middle East but, whether he was an actor or not, when he stopped acting he was still a white guy in the Middle East, winning amongst a crowd of people who don't speak his language, and with a cultural gap that's hard to bridge. It's hard to quantify, but it certainly left its an adventure in filmmaking — a little like going up over in *Ricochet*."

"Or *Apocalypse Now*," adds Bigelow.

[Read the full interview online now.](#)



THE HURT LOCKER

ACTING HEAD OF THE
CINEMA
AND TV
AND TV
AND TV

THE
HURT
LOCKER



American adventurism in the Middle East has inspired plenty of movies over the last decade, but Kathryn Bigelow's first feature since 2002's *K-11: The Watsons* is much closer in style and tone to the war portrayed in *Generation Kill* than that of *Jarhead* or *The Kingdom*.

In part, this may be due to its source material – the film having originated from the pen of an embedded reporter, the screenwriter and former free journalist Mark Boal. As such, the script maintains a subjectivity that often lifts it to the way of content or background to the action.

Instead, the film focuses its attention upon the occupants of *The Hurt Locker*, a three-man bomb disposal team consisting of Sergeant Sanborn (Anthony Mackie) and Specialist Ehrlich (Brian Geraghty) – both of whom

are in the final, apocalyptic weeks of a year-long deployment in Iraq – and new member Staff Sergeant James (Jeremy Renner), who has joined the outfit following the unfortunate obliteration of his predecessor.

James doesn't at all with the other men, their ambition to get home in one piece at the end of the tour obscured by his recklessness. He is a wild man who acts out his angst by downing the use of a remote-controlled robot in favour of donning the cumbersome bomb suit that allows him to get up close and personal with the IEDs and unexploded ordnance that pepper the mudfleck landscape of Baghdad.

The relationship between these men provides the driving force of the narrative. Other troops are shown briefly, and officers appear only occasionally, their

modified attempts to inspire the men under their command light years from the jagged leadership of Robert David's cavalry officer in *Apocalypse Now*.

Even the among any dissent, not just in America but within resulting an occupying force, trying to remain sane as their identities deteriorate. A sequence in which a potential insurgent tries a glance with James, having suddenly become a non-combatant by dropping the phone with which he had intended to trigger the now-defused bomb outside of his building, is indicative of the film's complexity.

The action isn't a spectacle, with every source of tension elicited from some scanning art piece, where lingering shots accentuate the bleak cinematography and stripped down sound design to draw

the maximum tension and hopelessness from this hell on earth.

The central performance as James Renner is the standout, though the supporting cast are well deployed. A scene involving an Iraqi woman of British descent offers a very comment about both the facility of modern combat and the political circus which has led a superpower to deploy mercenaries to do its dirty work amongst the same men and along side of a war zone. **Kingston Marshall**

Anticipation Surely it can't taste
Generation Kill? **B**

Response With great action sequences
and love you to the edge of your seat **B**

In Brief And it certainly makes
uspects to profit **B**

JULIE & JULIA

Julie Powell
Julia Child

Julie Powell's first
book, *Julie & Julia: A Year of
Cooking*, is out now

It's a hard sell, but here goes... Nine Ripston's past topics of the old champions of French food in America: Julia Child (Meryl Streep), and the nosy-blogger who read Child's recipes to reinvent her life. Julie Powell (*Easy A*), is... Anyone still reading? On paper it's enough to send anyone running for the exits, but *Julie & Julia* does have a certain charm.

Blaise and possessed of a voice like a pained aspirin. Child reeled her way into the hearts of Americans by introducing them to the joys of fussy French delicacies. Powell is the modern New Yorker who decided to cook all 624 recipes



from Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* in a single year, blogging all the while.

Apparently they're two kindred spirits united by their love of good fodder and doting husbands. But Ripston's heart is clearly with the older character. Powell neurotically recounts her woes to her laptop, and scuttles with a blind boyfriend. Conversely, Child comes across as loopy but sharp, seeking intellectual stimulation rather than advice in

her cooking. And with Stanley Tucci as her spouse, her story is also touchingly romantic – after years of marriage, these two clearly still have the hots for each other.

Child's easy alone-writer's sestina is fine, but fleshed out to two hours with Powell's rambling (le crumb: it's too baby). As for the food, it's snarkily enough – failing to reach the dizzying food-porn heights of *Ripston's Feast* or *Bar*. **Drink Most Wholesome**, Julie & Julia.

It's short of its potential as an insightful meta-comedy and an exploration of food lust, relying on Streep to carry the film with a wry stare. **Lucre Hatched**

Delicious, despite getting the big names. *Julie & Julia* is a bit old but still fun. **B**

Disappoint, Streep shows Adams out of the water. And the food is just... **C**

Is Delighted, but it's seriously annoying. **D**

PONTYPOOL

Julie Powell's first
book, *Julie & Julia: A Year of
Cooking*, is out now

Julie Powell
Julia Child

Whether loud adverb (*Corridor*), *Holocaust* or loud statement of intent (*Gabe*), low budget genre films often stand and fall on the strength of their titles. *Pontypool* sounds like a pumpkins – thank Tim, Ryan, but shi – though anyone expecting to see Ripston getting into... *Holocaust* scripts after killing the local mobster's dog is in for a surprise.

We begin with sound waves crackling across the screen, as diagnosed local DJ Grant Murry (Stephen McHattie) intones mantras about a missing cat in his recording booth. Then we meet him: an aging, semi-alcoholic cowboy of the airways, dining to the radio station in a Canadian backwater through the dawn snow. His phone rings. He stops to answer. A distressed woman appears out of nowhere, revealing something he can't quite catch: then disappears back into the darkness. Something's clearly very wrong.

Scratching is also very right.



though. In every other (for want of a better word) 'horror' film ever made, McHattie would be reaching for his phone when – BAM! – car backfires. But screen King Ripston, and director Bruce McDonald are content to let the drills creep up on us. So when increasingly frantic reports of a zombie-like infection mount up, McHattie's show, the tension mounts organically, even though the film barely leaves the station or introduces us to anyone other than McHattie's producer Sydney (Lisa Houle) and assistant, Laurel Ann (Georgina Hilly).

Appropriately for a dystrophic piece that lingers on sound, *Pontypool* has also been released, in edited form, as a radio play. Throughout, jingles resembling John Carpenter's *They* synth scores battle with perky popker announcements, the mixed static like sleeping records, and Claude Fauré's jarring piano soundtrack offers a masterpiece in tracking ourselves. You can almost watch with your eyes shut. And judging by the dregs that sporting anime make-up naming the conchoidal, but not, perhaps you should. It's no

dead-breaker, though.

This is an immense film built on silence and misinterpreted signals rather than cheap shock pack tactics. But the question remains: why the hell didn't they call it *Dead Air*? **Wen Lines**

Delicious, it's a *Witch Hunt*? Sounds right. **B**

Disappoint, it's a Canadian horror and it's pretty cool actually. **B**

Is Delighted, it's quality work to suffer when you come from **D**

PARK CHAN-WOOK: DARK STAR INTERVIEW BY JONATHAN CROCKER

FILMOGRAPHY PARK CHAN-WOOK

Memories (2000)
In the Name of (2001)
The Moon (2001)
The Friends (2001)
The Way (2001)
Secretly, Really (2002)
The Assassination (2002)

Korean director Park Chan-wook made his debut with the action thriller *Joint Security Area* in 2000. Set on the border between North and South Korea, and carrying flashy visual flourishes with punchy narrative control, it set the tone for a career that has gone from strength to strength ever since. Park really took off in 2001, when *Sympathy for Mr. Vengeance* rode the crest of the Korean New Wave to festival success around the world. Its offbeat sequel, *Oldboy*, caught the attention of Cannes' jury president Quentin Tarantino, leading to a Grand Prize at the 2004 festival. A pitch-black tale of betrayal and revenge, *Oldboy* saw Park at his very best, effortlessly inventive, cinematically daring and aesthetically vital. After the trilogy was concluded with *Lady Vengeance* in 2005, Park was free to explore the limits of his imagination, which brought him to the story at a Gelfinco prison infected with vampires, as the director himself explains.

UWL: When did you first have the idea for the film?

Park: It just came to me and I jotted it down in one day. I thought of two sequences. The first one turned out to be the hardest scene to shoot, and the scene I'm most proud of is the battle scene where Tae-joo [Kim Gwi-do] is turned into a vampire. It was the longest scene I shot and the actors were completely emotionally exhausted. And I think it's the most beautifully watched scene in the whole movie. The other scene was how Bong-hyun [played by Korean superstar Song Kang-ho] was turned into a vampire at the beginning. I'd been developing the idea in my mind ever since.

UWL: Would you call it a comedy?

Park: When I had the first inklings of the film, I didn't think it would turn out like this. I thought I would give the audience a film where they wouldn't be able to laugh even for one second. It would be the most serious, most dark and most heavy film I'd ever done. That's what I thought at the start. Funny enough, it's turned out to be the most comic film I've made so far. Now this happened has become a bit of a wonder to me as well. During the process of getting to my age — because 10 years have passed since I had the idea for *Thirst* — I've probably come to think of humor as a more important aspect of life. Not because I've become happier in my life, but more that every person's life, depending on how you look at it, can appear wry or comic. So I've come to take a more light outlook on the human condition.

UWL: Why do you say that?

Park: Why have I embraced this kind of humor? It just took time to realize that in order to make your film more tragic, you incorporate a sense of humor instead of trying to make it more heavy or more serious or more dark. I think it took 10 years for me to realize that. Immediately following the laughter in this film is a sense of guiltiness, an apologetic feeling. So if it's not just a single comedy, there's more to it than that.

UWL: How did you try to make *Thirst* different from other vampire stories?

Park: The biggest difference between all these other vampire works of the past and my film probably is that I didn't use vampire as a metaphor. Rather, in looking at a Gelfinco prison and how he becomes a vampire, I took a more realistic approach. So I avoided as many of the clichés that had been attached to previous notions of vampires. The prelude is an occupation and vampire itself is a disease. Approaching it this way, there was no room for cliché, which would have made the film slightly more ridiculous.

UWL: Were you influenced at all by other vampire mythologies?

Park: Actually, I consciously tried to avoid being influenced by vampire-related images from the past found in different works of art. I can't remember exactly because it happened such a long time ago, but the biggest shock I got having watched a vampire film was Abel Ferrara's *The Distance*. If you went back and had a look at that film, you might find more links between *The Addiction* and *Thirst*, perhaps. I'm not sure.

UWL: Anything else?

Park: Other influences are *Grainberg* film, although they're not vampire films per se. And also Ingmar Bergman's films — the desire for redemption — have probably had an influence on me. And funny enough, there's a film by Bergman which is called *Thirst*. I haven't had a chance to watch it yet, but it's a bit of a coincidence. But the biggest influence I think probably has to come from a Korean director called Kim Ki-young and his film called *The Housemaid*. I hadn't intended to take elements from that film but when you look at *Thirst* and *The Housemaid*, you can probably see a lot of influence there. Particularly in the way that they're both very claustrophobic during the scenes in the houses.

UWL: Did you consciously want to link Christianity to vampirism?

Park: It's not that I didn't want to accept those kinds of interpretations made by the audience or critics but, as probably with a number of other directors, I didn't really approach the film by saying I was setting out to make a parallel between religion and vampirism. These elements have been driven in purely because I wanted to express these "prosecuted" emotions and their psyche and to increase the drama. When you look at this character of a priest, he drinks blood every day at mass. And this blood has been spilled by Christ. It's very symbolic. And this blood has been spilled for the redemption of mankind. But in his redefined identity as a vampire, he has to take the redemption of humanity but for himself, for his own survival. He has to take blood from other people, not just in the form of wine, but blood itself. So for a very deeply religious person like a priest, this comes as a big shock and the bewilderment overwhelms him. You can't really imagine how big that would be for a person like that. He now has to wonder why God's plans are moving in this way. Why did he have to be the one who becomes a vampire? Because now he has to take the lives of others for his own life.



THIRST

ON 17 FEBRUARY, THE KOREAN FILM THIRST (THIRSTY) RELEASED IN THE UK

ALICE
JONES

Wujiang's capriciousness follows the same pathing vein. Mysterious, angry stranger with a taste for blood? Fully ready to love with a twist, beautiful girl and must fight his rage to drag her into his bloody world. *Twilight*, *True Blood* and *Let The Right One In* pound their bloodsucker until undead and looking on screen, but not us, for all its flaws, Ohtsuy director Park Chan-wook's vampire romance leaves more jagged teeth marks than any of them.

Korean superstar Song Kang ho (most recently seen in *The Good, the Bad and The Ugly*) provides a classic Park protagonist: a man losing his mind and his soul. Goopy body horror leaks off the screen as Song's pure-hearted priest dies of

a deadly skin disorder after a failed medical experiment – only to be born again as a vampire with a healing touch thanks to an infected blood transfusion.

As he transforms, so does *Thirst*, sliding giddily between ha-ha-wugh funny, romantic romances and achingly eroticism. As priest becomes predator, our anti hero becomes a battle of morality, morality and – most of all – the hot throbs of doomed love in the shape of someone housewife Yeon-ju (Kim Ok-vin), who turns out to have an even blacker taste for blood than he does.

Red blood and black humour sport hard as *Thirst* revs its lust to be one of the most deliciously slowed measure into the vampire

romance subgenre. In fact, Park's personality is too much for the movie to handle. There drags on way too long (a tedious 135 minutes) and spins out of control in its central third.

It all totters wildly between blazzy cartoon and Gothic tragedy, before rebalancing things for a fantastic final half hour of deadly games. Park's eye for killer visual style is there, mooring out in a scene of colour-coordinated carnage in a white-wash apartment. But inferring every scene, it's his grinning, eternal wit that makes the movie such a delicious feast, featuring sex (and, uh, coarseness), close-shaving (through a glass) and violence (via a car crash).

Feeling that vice big time is former beauty queen Kim Ok-vin, who gives a fiery, sexy, delicious performance that proves a fantastic match for Song, as they grow from love to hate and back again. "Wujiangs are eyes that I thought," she declares. Meanwhile, she's not talking about Robert Pattinson. **Jonathan Cookson**

Deluge! A vampire thriller from the fingers living inward. There will be blood. **B**

Biggest Delight and sorry although being in sports. **B**

In Unspaid It's got problems, say. But not again. Park shows something dark, wild and ugly. **B**





WHITE LIGHTNIN'

BRUCE
WILLIS

BRUCE WILLIS
WILLIS (top left)
The Movie



"My life's been a joke, a party and a tragedy," opens Jesse White (Edward Hogg), the drug-addicted, nimble-footed narrator in this blessing-patented fusion of biopic and delirious farce-y-gone-wrong. Proceeding with the kind of countercultural rousing usually reserved for the likes of Dolly Parton, Jesse recounts his youth spent in the trailer trash wilds of Appalachia. The teenage son of infamous dancer D Ray White (Mike Watson), Jesse's drug-meddling rock fight on the cusp of puberty, when his lighter fluid habit resulted in incarceration at a reform school that did anything but.

Yes, this could very well be the story of Appalachia—a place not so much pained as graced with the iconography of rough living and white trash domination. Inspired by the real-life story of Jesse "The Dancing Cowboy" White, all the White hallmarks are there

(the addiction, the dancing) but also something else. Something dreamed up out of a dark place of fire and brimstone. In the evocative world of Todd Haynes' *The Way We Were*, *White Lightning* is a charmed with mood and the possibilities of character free from world threats. It's a Wikipedia version of a life freely edited by real men.

So as the film leaves behind Jesse's teenage years, it also takes leave of the facts. From reform school, a teenage Jesse finds himself institutionalized at the Bennett State Hospital, where he stays for another decade. And it's here that we first meet Ed Hogg. Wide-eyed and naive, he's the lovechild of Janet Reno and David Iwanak—an once-naïve and withdrawn, then boiling over with a red, screaming rage that results in shades of hell.

It's a blinding performance from a one-time *Heartbeat* guest star's brooding cameo. Jesse's damaged

dimmed mind, Hogg goes to deep, dark places—before flashing a pitch-perfect humanist aside: "Don't fuck with rash fuckin' hay-ed," he hurls at loser Cilla (a towering Garret Pober), most clever in hand. Then, reprehended for his profanity, he calmly retorts, "She a fuck with rash off'n hay-ed."

Former documentary and short film director Dominic Murphy clearly revels in upping the ante for his feature debut. Bleaching colour from the screen, leaving just the laconic memory of hue, Murphy confidently presents his visuals in nightmarish extensions of Jesse's warped inner mind. Blackouts, flickering, overexposed images and distorted imagery are all paired with a soundtrack that gradually becomes more and more erratic, sharing Jesse's horrific descent into insanity.

"There's a time when you're lost in your own head for too long

that you'll have the privilege to go insane," Jesse cheerfully mentions. And, at the halfway mark, *White Lightning* headily follows Jesse into his insanity, entering a ponderous, dreamlike state that cultivates a conscientious spirit of unaise.

Seething with heightened fervor and over ripe with religious wrath, the wild, elemental imagery generates something truly disturbing. With its strange religious overtones and inevitably fabled conclusion, *White Lightning* is elusive and bleak, but magnificently blazing. **Josh Winkler**

Anticipation: Is it really? Is film about human beings? **Yes!**

Epiphany: I wish I could see something like this. **Yes!**

In Retrospect: I wish I could see something like this. I wish I could see something like this. **Yes!**



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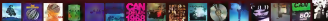


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RAMIN BAHRANI: HELLO/GOODBYE INTERVIEW BY JAMES B EVANS

FILMOGRAPHY RAMIN BAHRANI

Before Midnight (2013)
Day After Tomorrow (2004)
Mr. Nobody (2003)

We inhabit a cultural world where cinematic roadshows seldom just about everyone as "the next big thing." Often these judgments are based upon little more than flashy re-combinations of cinematic convention: a topical narrative, dogging camerawork, speedy edits and intertextual references — all wrapped up inside a relentless wallpaper of sound. So life's great pleasure to concentrate attention on the American director Ramin Bahrani, who has made his reputation with profound and graceful film blessedly free of any of the addictions mentioned above.

He has already garnered critical attention with his three feature-length films, 2003's *Mr. Nobody*, *Camp* (2007) and now *Goodbye Babi*. Each has won a string of prizes and nominations from global film festivals and, especially for a director so fresh and relatively young — he's just 34 — he has already been the subject of four career retrospectives at venues including MOMA in New York. And he's not only doing something right, he's doing it his own way — all of his films have been written or co-written, directed, produced and edited by Bahrani himself.

In London, we caught him in an apocryphal mood: plenty of interesting things to say, starting with the assessment of his career: "I want my films to be open to an audience. I don't want to make films for myself. I don't want to make films just for myophile. Entertaining can also mean being engaged and being moved and to feel something and think something and I don't want to know what happens next. What's wrong with that? *Goodbye Babi* is one of my favorite writers, you cannot read *Chomsky* and *Plutarchus* and not want to know what happens next. I don't think journalists should be nervous to tell me that my films are cerebral, they should be excited to tell me that."

It is the centralization of the literary, the visual and the approachable, alongside the quiet humanity of his stories, that characterizes Bahrani's work. Bahrani's observation that "there is born free but is everywhere in chains" would be appropriate to describe the small, everyday details and volumes that he protagonists harbor. Bahrani obviously enjoys story telling, and not just in the writing but in the telling itself, as the unfolding — audience are teased, humored, surprised and made curious.

"The film is structured very dramatically in terms of the struggle at the main elements of *Babi* and of *Willard*," he says of his latest effort. "I was really trying to push drama into physical and dramatic storytelling in ways that I hope will engage a larger audience. That kind of dramatic storytelling and the struggles of characters and the relationship between characters is actually how, I find, people really interact and behave with other people and with themselves and with the world. And once you start getting into the world, well, then you start getting into the poetry at the end of the film and metaphorical ideas and things like that."

His films, while certainly entertaining, might fairly be considered as clearly focused meditations on the human condition, and it is in this respect that the shadow of *Orson* and the asceticism of our modernist law book over them. *Mr. Nobody* is, in part, an urban reworking of the myth

of Sisyphus. "I like it that in the face of death there is also life," he explains. "This paradox is important to my thinking about the world or about life, which is that life and death are together at the same time and that death isn't the end. I think that people are incredibly important as are the decisions that people make."

"That *Babi* ends up helping his blind carry out her plan — which is the opposite of what he's been trying to do the entire film — is a moment of importance," he continues. "But I and the film are 50 percent of landscape, by which I mean to say that people are absolutely involved when I come to the landscape, when I come to the world that it was here before us and will be here after us. We are frightened by the fact of our insignificance. But paradoxically, we are, at the exact same time, absolutely significant and we must be conscious of our decisions and how we behave towards one another. I mean, how do we love one another? How do you be a friend? How do you love someone even when it hurts you?"

These big, profound ideas are masterfully embedded into the small (in the best sense of the word) film, and are aided enormously by the understated and understanding performance of the two lead actors, Scotty Mcnair by Sean and Fred West. The former is a trained but non-professional actor, and the latter is a 71-year-old character actor and former *Dick Van Dyke* member in his first leading role.

Another contributing factor to the success of the film is the strong sense of location, about which the director comments, "Spending time in real locations, interacting with characters from those locations, I think that's very important. All my films are specific to location and to people who actually exist there, and how I think they behave, and how they talk and walk, and look and eat and move."

"I think classical storytelling and classical dramaturgy because you can get to the fundamental of how you keep an audience engaged," he continues. "It's not so hard of making the camera around a lot, or cool music. My cameraman, Michael Gimmon, always says, 'Great cinematography doesn't mean great pictures.' There's a language to cinema and it should be consistent for the story and it should respect that great cinematography shouldn't be confused with great art direction — just seeing the camera around or having the angle upside-down, or experimenting, these things don't necessarily mean great cinematography."

"We've always tried to not be explicitly — and implicitly doesn't mean that it's simple. To me, implicitly played in a story means to have you tell me you were moved by the story and not by looks. The film should keep you engaged and involved in the characters without all the trills, and this is actually quite hard. It means you have to focus on the storytelling, it means you have to go deeper into the characters and their relationships and work harder on the script" — to which can only be added: Amen to that.

A full transcript of this interview will be available online in the hours of the [Silver Screen](#).



GOODBYE SOLO

ROBERT DE NIRO
EMERIL HERSH
IN *Goodbye Solo*

BY
JIM
KAY



If cinematic form follows cinematic function then *Goodbye Solo* is a perfect Mercedes of a movie. It is composed of a quietly pining but powerful narrative engine, hand-diced scenes, intuitive, debate-acting and bath-tub technique and technology that draw us attention to themselves.

Like Robert's previous film, *Meet Paul Galt*, *Goodbye Solo* launches into its story without credits, mimicking the opening of a book. This is no accident, as Robert's film world is all about narrative drive, character development, and all things literary as well as visual.

Two men sit in a taxi—the client, William (Red West), arranging with the driver, Solo (Goodbye-meets-Seymour), to drop him off in exactly two weeks time at Blowing Rock, a landmark local cliffhanger. Blowing Rock is unique for having the wind

often times blow forcefully upwards along its face. A marginal legend tells of natives jumping off only to be blown right back.

The film was shot in Belmont's hometown of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the once proud home of the J Reynolds tobacco company—a company, not unlike William, cast aside by the sweep of history. Over the course of a beautifully paced film, William and Solo form an unlikely friendship which will impact upon both of their lives.

Solo is a Senegalese cab driver working to provide a better life for his young family. William is a tough and world-weary man of the South, shouldering the burden of a life's worth of anger and sorrow. These characters exist both sides of the coin that is the American Dream, and both men come to find that they have need of the other.

The episodic structure of

Goodbye Solo speaks more to the microphoned, page-turning quality of Belmont's film, which keeps audiences engaged in their humanistic character studies and textual subtleties. And in contrast with other Belmont film works, Solo is highly successful in its serene use of local non-professional actors and authentic location shooting to create a rich geographic context.

Like in *Socially Awkward in Love*, as Solo, and Red West as William, whose low-key and beautifully nuanced characterizations make this already special script so successful on screen. And while the weight of the film rests on these two characters, Dame Calisto adds great clarity as Alex, the little girl whose precociousness of spirit unites both William and Solo with a sense of life's irony and continuity.

Goodbye Solo makes it clear that although it is a Williams who is the

Canadian citizen of the town, it is Solo, the African immigrant, who seems to fit in best. His charming, friendly and positive demeanor endears him to people. He's prepared to be seen. He believes in the upside of the American Dream. In contrast, William is American. *Damn it*—if he ever had one—is torn and coming to an end. But then, *Goodbye Solo* seems to assert that America is its immigrant. They may not always have a voice, but theirs will always be the country's story. *Damn it* *William*.

Adaptation: Right time for a girl, probably better and bolder too. **D**

Dialogue: It is a bit good for both Solo and William. **B**

In Belmont: The issue of how best to adapt a immigrant's urban experience is not just an interestingly of these. **D**



BIG RIVER MAN

Seagal
Seagal

Seagal
Seagal



At 53, Steven Seagal is a national hero in Slovenia, an overnight, hard-drinking, faranisco-playing, experiential gambler, who disavows a troubled childhood by narrating the world's biggest movie. Or so we're told. For *Big River Man* is a pseudo-documentary where the truth is less important than the story. As a Peruvian ship captain says, albeit in a different context, "Number one: forget Plan A. Number two: forget Plan B. And number three: relax."

Big River Man follows Seagal as he attempts his most ambitious feat: swimming the length of the Amazon. With broken English, and a broken nose, Seagal is an enigmatic and fascinating protagonist—the embodiment of a rule: rejected masculinity. Aided by his physical similarity

to middle years Brando, Seagal's passage into the heart of darkness is a pseudo too good to resist. And while slightly overworked Stock for the glories of the *Howl* Brando, it's just intriguing enough to leave you wondering how much is real.

Another layer in this semi-fiction is provided by Seagal's Swagill of a son, Bonzo, whose engaging narration draws the viewer into the film's contrived artifice. Bonzo is shown posing as his father for a public interview regarding a protocol with rules of machetes and piranhas. "I deal with the media because I know what they want," he explains. Bonzo knows, too, what cinema expects.

When Bonzo fabricates Seagal a mask to protect his face from the glaring Peruvian sun, Seagal becomes both John Meecham and The

Phantom of the Opera—the beast as victim. It feeds the suspicion of the *Amazon* Indians, who suspect him of being some form of devil. Later, Seagal's guide describes him as the last American superhero: as the summer sits in the water, gaping. No opportunity for ironic and subtextual sublimity is wasted.

The action is interspersed with commentary on humanity's impact on the environment, proffered frankly. The film itself will have a digital release, supposedly to reduce its carbon footprint. But in the context of Bonzo's showmanship, it's hard to know exactly what a genuine environmental responsibility and what is marketing fluff.

At its best, *Big River Man* is like a Werner Herzog film with a sense of humor: Seagal is genuinely worthy

of his film. His feat undeniably impressive, and his transmutations as fascinating as they are opaque. At other points it becomes Bonzo by Bonzo, as Slovenia is viewed through the prism of Seagal's eccentricity.

Nevertheless, for all the straight-faced self-mockery, it somehow remains a tribute to an exceptional man. *Big River Man* goes away with its earnest only because it's evident that somewhere beneath its layers of irony there is a beating heart. **James Weaver**

Antipipera A much anticipated contribution to the *Seagal* middle-aged male cinematic archive genre. **B**

Crashpad Brilliantly irritating. It's too ridiculous. **D**

In the End By Fatey and Hazzard **C**

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

REVIEW BY
JENNIFER L. KATZ
and
MARTIN CHAPMAN

Small
Reviews

In the opening moments of *The September Issue*, Anna Winour is compared to the Pope, and invites someone to the brink of suicide. Welcome to the world of Vogue, where it's perfectly acceptable to wear sunglasses to meetings, and Louis Vuitton is a team leader.

Director NJ Corder landed a dream gig when he gained access to "Nuclear" Winour and her staff in 2007 as they put together Vogue's September issue (344 pages, 721 of which were advert). The end result is an intriguing and entertaining peek behind the fashion world's impenetrably locked curtains.

Winour is an elusive character

who makes no attempt to dispel the reputation she's accrued over 36 years in the job. Stylist, editor, and designers pitch to her with quavering hands. She sits there, steady-eyed, most on giving nothing away. However, in sporadic interviews Corder is able to penetrate the mask. Winour becomes defensive when her industry is criticized, and shows uncharacteristic vulnerability when admitting that her attempt fired her job "screwing".

But it's left to other members

of the team to provide most of the entertainment, namely the gloriously OTT André Leon Talley. Vogue's editor at large and creative director Grace Coddington, whose relationship with Winour is intriguing. Both blunt, yet polar opposites, they started on the same day, and Coddington is the only one who's not intimidated by her boss.

For all the criticism that the publication has faced, *The September Issue* shows that Vogue is a machine, not of creativity. It's

recently been rumored that Winour adapts the mag may be numberless, but on this evidence it's hard to imagine anyone else at the helm. **Amanda Salt**

Delightful: It is both hard to ask if "Nuclear" Winour? The definition of a mad, so make it.

Disappointing: Who knew watching people put a magazine together could be so entertaining?

To Be Improved: Turn out there is more to life than fashion. But only just.

BIRDWATCHERS

Small
Reviews

REVIEW BY
JENNIFER L. KATZ
and
MARTIN CHAPMAN

Marco Bechis' liberal dreams in a thoughtful, skillfully directed probe into the world of an indigenous tribe. But despite its good intentions the film's lack of emotional and narrative equilibrium softens the impact somewhat.

Set in Mato Grosso do Sul, Brazil, the film focuses on the indigenous Guaraní-Ka'apor people who struggle to live on land where wildlife reserves have turned the once dense forests into money-making agricultural hotspots.

With little or no prospect of employment, the tribe's troubled lifestyle drives many Guaraní to suicide, the loss of which prompts a handful of villagers to set up camp beside a farming estate in a bid to claim back the land where their ancestors are buried. As tensions rise between the

Guaraní and the farmers, the two cultures form a curious bond when romance develops between an opposition shaman and a farmer's daughter.

The film challenges our expectations from the outset, as a group of Western birdwatchers glide by in a boat and glimpse a small cluster of semi-naked riverside Indians staring back at them. Moments later, we see the Indians being paid for their performance as they dress in their usual, Westernized attire.

Hammering home the humanitarian message and wearing his heart on his sleeve, Bechis clearly has affection for his protagonists and their plight, though his fondness does tend to upset the balance. The film spends far too much time with the tribe and not nearly enough exploring the lives and predicaments of the farmers. He also attempts to shoehorn in one too many messages and subplots, with nods towards sustainability and indigenous adding little to the proceedings.

Still, *Birdwatchers* is an unusual and sympathetic exploration of a disappearing society driven to near extinction by capitalism and colonialism. And if it provokes action, then it's a job well done. **Lee Griffiths**

Delightful: An enthusiastically received message to the tribal cause.

Disappointing: Very moving and skillfully directed but lacking balance.

To Be Improved: A rare drama that shows a new aspect of Indian life in the heart of Brazil.



PAUL BETTANY: BOY OONE GOOD INTERVIEW BY OAN BRIGHTMORE

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY PAUL BETTANY

Crucible (2006)
The House of the Dead (2002)
Witness (2001)
Boys to the Sea (2000)
Mr. White (1999)
Never, Never Land (for *Star Trek: The Next Generation*)
Angels (2003)
It Happened One Night (2001)
It Happens to the Best (2001)
September (2000)

Navigating the schedule of a Hollywood star can be like trying to gain an audience with the Pope or, rather than the usual on-the-clock quick fire round of studio-approved banter, when the actor in question offered to call GWL for a chat in his own time, we knew we were on to a winner.

Paul Bettany is an English export we can be proud of. *Crucible* No. 1, was the breakout role that got him noticed before landing the big time starring alongside Russell Crowe in *A Good Year* and Peter Weir's epic *Muster and Commander*. Belonging to the Hollywood bombast of *The Da Vinci Code* with more thoughtful projects like the Charles Darwin biopic *Crucible* is the mark of a performer with incredible range. It's that quality that has enabled the former Westchester bridge builder to avoid being pigeonholed. "It's often American actors who find themselves endlessly playing the laddie, the funny guy or the love interest because that's business. The career I've had has been about doing as many different things as I can," he says.

So what was the draw with *Crucible*? "It's a big Darwin fan. Like him, I'm an atheist," explains Bettany. "But I suppose it depends on your definition of God. I think there is some creative force at work in the universe but as far as the construct that somebody needs interested in each one of us and aware of our existence, I don't think so. It's important subject matter, and after making an actor movie which was basically angels with machine guns this was a great antidote for me," he concludes.

It's an emotional journey for Bettany who pursues his work against the backdrop of family tragedy. It was a role that the Harvard-born actor found difficult to prepare for. "It's such a big thing, I don't think one can. As a couple, Darwin and his wife [played by Bettany's real-life spouse Jennifer Connelly] suffered a huge loss with the death of their daughter, and they have children dramatically opposite justice to try and deal with it. But he doesn't want to rob her of the advice her faith brings."

Bettany's *The Origin of Species* would call into question the idea of an absolute creator, which led to the charge that he had "killed God." Bettany admits, "So it's like his personality. Bettany was a conservative who had a medical army idea. And like all conservatives he moved at a glacial speed working on an idea that was going to change the world."

Bettany met Connelly on the set of *It Happened One Night* [but was he nervous about working with his wife again? "We were both worried about *Crucible*, but for me it was mainly because if it's your wife you aren't gonna home after a hard day and slug off the last scene."] Alongside, he's clearly a committed family man who's been married in Manhattan for the best part of his marriage with Connelly, her son Kai from a previous relationship and their son Basil. "We're not just here for the work. My eldest's father is a New Yorker so we wouldn't want to live anywhere else. There's still a bit I miss about London but mostly it's my friends and pace on Sundays," confesses the actor.

When asked about the dangers he faced of being typecast as a British leading man in Hollywood, one came after a reportedly dispiriting experience on the set of *Wimbledon* he mentions that he's always been defiant that it wouldn't happen to him. "Darwin was the greatest job in the world and sometimes it's just a means of making money. Especially when you're doing something that's supposed to be artistic and you think, 'Oh, look at an actor working in heaven in doing well and not having to do anything about it. It's such a privilege to make a living this way.'"

Bettany is a busy guy. Next year sees the release of *Legion*, which previewed to an enthusiastic response at Comic-Con. It's a complete 180 from *Crucible* — a case of action hero from former FX guy Scott Stewart that pitches Bettany's Archangel Michael (going on a grated patrol pump on a makeshift time-traveler) against Kevin Durand's Gabriel in a holy war against impending apocalypse.

He's clearly typed about this one. "God has turned his back on mankind and Michael hasn't, so it's the next flood. But instead of water he sends the possessed and an army of angels. So, in a little while much drier on the edge of the Mojave Desert, the last island of humanity happens. It's awesome fun," he gushes. "Legion rewards with the focus and wisdom of a first time director getting to achieve their vision on screen. I couldn't believe how expensive everything [was]. There's a main race at an [SBC [Dallas] Casper] back to the film. For years we've had blue films or green films but this is technicolor home action with amazing visual FX." He enthuses, "It's very character driven with an interesting bunch of myths who try to save the world together. It was weird because when I read the script I couldn't believe that wasn't the laddie in it. Firstly I got to be the hero flying around on wires and shooting guns."

It's a stark contrast to his days in the Royal Shakespeare Company, as well as his next Stewart-directed production, *Planet B* based on a graphic novel. It follows a vampire slaying man of the cloth. Bettany describes it as being "like *Blade* where there's a vampire, where heaven are replaced by jet turbine motorcycles "like something out of *Iron*."

The enthusiasm of an actor happy to forge his own path is infectious. He discusses the idea of wanting to work with someone on the strength of previous efforts, warning, "If you are a great film you're never entirely sure who made it work. The safest way to go about it is to love the script, feel the writing and then hopefully good people will be attracted to it rather than good people trying to make something that's flawed, worse. There are projects that I passed on that went on to be brilliant," he admits, "but I'm horribly shallow as I've buried those from memory."

A full interview will be available online in the week of the film's release.



CREATION

CRITICAL MASS
DARWIN FILMS HAS A
CLOCKWORK CREATION

THE
MOVIE



Charles Darwin *meets* different things to different people. To some he's responsible for the genome identity theory in history. Others blame him for the downfall of religion. Many just see him as a guy with an amazing beard.

So a film about Darwin's life is a potentially tricky proposition, as focus decided by whom he's very personal opinion of the man and his work. Based on the book *Ami's Blue* by Randal Keynes, *Creation* puts all its eggs firmly in the basket of Darwin's personal life, examining his sonic relationships with his children, friends and casually religious wife.

Paul Bettany's Darwin is a sticky messiah, devastated by a personal loss who spends more of his screen time studied by despair. As always with Bettany's characters, Darwin

is instantly engaging. If a little tedious in his inability to cope. And the feeling is furthered when he's compared to his level-headed wife, Emma (Jennifer Connelly).

Darwin's troubles offer a platform through which *Creation* explores the repercussions of publishing his masterpiece, *The Origin Of Species*. The film takes the opportunity to delve into his psyche, revealing the grief, anxiety and ill health that plagued Darwin and almost prevented his work from reaching completion.

As the plot plays out through a series of flashbacks, *Creation* offers both emotional depth and a generalized explanation of the science. And while it's very much 'A BBC Film', Jan Amiel's direction delivers into psychological representations of Darwin's

thoughts that pep up the narrative. The natural representation of the husband-wife dynamic also makes a welcome change from the usual scolding and gloating we've come to associate with period dramas.

There is no doubt that *Creation* is an interpretation of the Darwin effect — *yes* such as, "You've just killed God!" (inspired by fellow scientist Thomas Huxley, played by Toby Jones) serve to him up rather than lay bare the real implications of his work. Therefore anyone looking to get a full Darwin retrospective should treat *Creation* as a small part of a very large whole.

For this reason, *Creation* will probably appeal more to the masses than the purists: a fact that the man himself would be unlikely to object to. And the film

is arguably the closest anyone could come to setting up the life of a nineteenth-century English naturalist. But with so much material to draw on it feels slightly disappointing that there's no sense of awe or wonder when the credits roll. But if the sudden desire to go home and Wikipedia 'Charles Darwin' is a sign of anything, it's that *Creation* does enough to get you thinking. **Adele Caine**

Adaptation: A big screen writer of the life of Charles Darwin? Hardly the Houdini we're all born waiting for. **D**

Engaged: Paul Bettany Jennifer Connelly and some fresh directorial ideas promise lots for this. **B**

In retrospect: An engaging and emotional look at the man behind the genius. **B**



VINYAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GARY
THE NEW YORK TIMES

IN 2004
THE NEW YORK TIMES



The films of *Paradise Du Wels* occupy an uneasy borderline that makes them difficult to pin down (and no doubt even more difficult to market). His spring 2004 debut *Calgary*, for example, used elements familiar from *Delicieux*-style survival horror to create a mythic meditation on performance and passion. His next film, *Vinyan*, turns a bare-bones ghost story into a revenge on grief, anguish and madness.

Like Nicolas Berg's *Dent* (*Look Now: Juan Antonio Bayona's The Orphanage*), or *Lan van Tran's Antichrist* (*Du Wels's* film follows a married couple struggling to come to terms with the loss of a child), *Ilva* instead of *revenge* to *Vincent*: light-house or woodland

color to face their extraordinary gift and fear. *Jeune* and *Paul Belhomme* (*Krumpholtz's* film) and *Robert Sorell* search for their son Joshua, who vanished in the 2004 tsunami, across the Thai border in Burma. They journey into a Canadian jungle where they themselves – and we, too – become lost (perhaps forever) to delusion and despair.

From its opening sequence of battles and blood right through to the ritualized savagery of its close, *Vinyan* remains an abstract and ambiguous entity. Certainly the world in which it is set is a very real South East Asia where lives can be swept away in an instant, and where children are often neglected, explored or

commodified. But it is also a psychological landscape, where dreams and visions mingle with the waking experience, and where everything – whether urban demolition or more shrouded rivers or the deepest, darkest jungle – takes on a disorienting quality that reflects the main characters' crumbling sense of mind.

Thakun Gao (*French* *Quelqu'un*), the well-meaning Thai leader who arrives as cross-border guide to the grieving couple, tells *Jeune* that *vinjan* is a local word for the confused angry spirits of someone who has died a bad death and "does not know where to go or what to do." By the end, it will not be clear whether the title refers to

Jeune's lost parents, or any of the other lost souls encountered on their journey – but *Du Wels* has crafted an eerie, intense odyssey of mental and mental breakdown, aided by the moodily disorienting cinematography of Benoît Delbecq and some extraordinarily haunting sound design. Without resorting to cheap frights or bogeymen, *Vinyan* locates its horror in the human heart of darkness. **Aaron White**

Antichrist, Du Wels' debut. *Delicieux* was a Christian movie. **B**

Delicieux, Du Wels' and most surreal is actually ambiguous. **B**

Ilva, Du Wels' only non-erotic retained (and in Burma). **B**

THE BEACHES OF AGNES

PG-13
Some drug use, some alcohol, some smoking

2014
100 min

As this documentary self-portrait lovingly reveals, life has been a beach for Agnes Varda, who's still as sprightly at 80 as the pushy-bellied engineer who took Cannes and then the world by storm with her eye-defying *Claire's Room* (5.9.77) in 1964.

Varda zinged back into the cinematic consciousness with her 2004 documentary *The Gleaners and I*, in which she turned society's detritus, both material and human, into a tender and vibrant meditation on aging, loneliness, cinema and memory as methods of recycling, which she explores more intimately in her new film. Here Varda recycles clips from her old movies to layer a



PG-13
Some drug use, some alcohol, some smoking

dazzling history of post-war France, the New Wave, the reinventions of the 1960s, and her long love affair with Jacques Demy and with cinema.

Beaches is a joyous film but it also carries the curator's responsibility to remember. Scoreboarded by images she made during the early days of the legendary Angoulême theatre festival, Varda weaves for dead friends and collaborators such as Philippe

Noiret, even as she appraises the struggle with an arthritic eye.

Deep emotion and swelling visuals are restrained here: in contrast to *Claire's* intimacy cool, *Beaches* is like a kaleidoscope turning through 50 years of cinema.

It's impossible not to open your heart to this film. Blessed by grief, contemplating old age and alive to the new possibilities of youth culture and digital cinema, Varda shows the viewer into her circle of

friends. Here, among the protesters, fishermen, artists, protestors, performers and cops, it's a heady place to be. **Sophie Mayer**

Antiprism: Varda's persona glimmers into the lens of France that couple of the 1960s.

Tripping: Varda dot is a delight in this polished essay on death and aging. **B**

Is Antiprism: Thanks to the memories as real and dreamlike as its staff. **B**

UP

PG-13
Some drug use, some alcohol, some smoking

2014
100 min

It's *Up* and ably eight-year-old Gail Fiedrichsen has a chance encounter with the loud and eccentric Ellie, who shares his love of adventure. Flash forward and they're dating, married, living in domestic bliss, suffering a miscarriage, and untangling to move on before Ellie dies, all with an evocative piano chord in the background that changes pace with their lives. The first 18 minutes of *Up* rival *Marlin's* mother's death as one of the most effective, albeit manipulative, in-jokester moments of all time.

But just as you think Pixar have created a bachelorette drama into the multiplex, Carl dishes his old life, loudly upcycling his house. With one breath along narrative



PG-13
Some drug use, some alcohol, some smoking

loop. *Up* is transformed into a comedy adventure as Carl (voiced by Edward Asner) and young wilderness explorer Russell take to the skies. Together they encounter a chaotic bird named Kevin, talking dogs and famed adventurer Charles Muntz (Christopher Plummer) who, like all childhood idols, is not what he once seemed.

Pearl's tenth film consists as whimsy as a grown-up starter. *Up* is a film that breaks all the rules – a film for children starring an old-

man, one that rejects the usual singing adobe, and one that has the courage to mix in many laugh-out-loud moments with scenes of devastating poignancy.

But that keen edge of realism never overcomes the magic of the animation itself. The launch of the house – soaring through the sky beneath multicoloured balloons – is a beautifully crafted sequence, demonstrating that director Pete Docter is more than capable of harnessing the heights without his

mentor Bob Peterson.

Pearl may have several acropoles on the pipeline but *Up* says another original, boundary-pushing story. It's not quite *Nemo*, but it will have you sobbing. Squared at every opportunity. **Lianne Selt**

Antiprism: Its Pearl and birds enough. **B**

Equipment: Ponderous laughs and tears to equal misanthropic *Sing* (5.9.14). **B**

Is Antiprism: It's not there but what is! **B**

SAM MENDOES: MASTER CRAFTSMAN INTERVIEW BY JONATHAN CROCKER

FILMOGRAPHY SAM MENDOES

Mythic (2017)
Indivisible (2017)
John (2015)
Jack's Father (2015)
Seven Days (2015)

At the age of 44, Sam Mendes has cemented his place as the master craftsman of stage and screen. He was appointed artistic director of London's National Theatre before his 30th birthday, where he made his name with a series of classic revivals and sold new productions. Moving to America, he swept every award for his debut film, *American Beauty*, in 1999, before making a series of superbly staged dramas. Now that he's 'gone old', we decided to track him down and give him a grilling.

UWiler: Was this always intended to be a different kind of film?

Mendes: It took me a while to realise all my films are fairly dark. But then a big thing happened to me, which was getting married and having children. That definitely wasn't I have started reading scripts like *Asper's We Go* and seeing them through the eyes of a parent.

UWiler: What was good about doing a short, fast indie rather than a big Hollywood movie?

Mendes: I decided not to obsess about visual details. When I finally I have done in the past. Obsessing about tiny visual details. I spend hours making lenses, script on the wall behind the central character – even if they're out of focus. Or adjust a light in a window or in someone's eyes.

UWiler: Given that the world is going to hell, did you feel the need to do something uplifting?

Mendes: People have had things taken away from them left, right and centre. Losing their lives and their livelihoods. I think you have a duty in a way sometimes to tell stories about how you can pick up your life and change it. Without it being sentimental rubbish. And the more suspicious of that than most. I have been guilty, certainly, or conscious, of going in completely the opposite direction: refusing to give an audience an easy catharsis when, probably, that's what they needed. I'm thinking of a film like *Jersey*.

UWiler: How do you screen?

Mendes: I sort of lost myself in the details of the movie and forgot the overall shape. To the degree that, at the premiere of the movie, I was not there watching it and about two thirds through it thought, 'Jesus Christ, they've jumped a scene! What's happened? Someone's cut a scene out.' Then I thought, 'No, I cut a scene out.' I forgot that I cut it out. Well, that should not happen when you're two years working on a movie. You make these big decisions late in the day.

UWiler: Any chance of a director's cut then?

Mendes: Yeah, I'd love to do a director's cut. *Jersey* opened big in the States. But it didn't hang on very long. It was huge on DVD. So there's probably an audience out there for it and I'd like to do it. If I had my choice again, I would do another. It was edited by the great Walter Murch, but I also felt I was a little too respectful of Walter and didn't let the film hear through myself. I was in awe of his wisdom. But I loved working with him.

UWiler: How a director ever given you a memorable lesson?

Mendes: Spielberg – he said, 'Put 40 heads along the bottom of the monitor screen to remind yourself you are directing something for a big screen. And those 40 heads are the first row of the audience in the cinema.' I thought that was a really good thing to say because your mind is to get the camera closer, because it's such a small screen.

UWiler: Why have you never revealed how you shot the plastic bag scene in *American Beauty*?

Mendes: I'm not a fan of the demystification of movies that's constantly going on. You see the behind-the-scenes documentary where you see the scene now, I remember Conrad Hall saying he was horrified after he shot that. Christy to see a documentary about the making of it in which you see Newman and Redford prep all the different crash mats. They'd spent months trying to make it look like they were jumping into a fire, and then they show the bloody crash mat. And I think there's a point about that. Don't know too many crash mats.

UWiler: Are you happy to talk about it now?

Mendes: The reality is that I shot the digital bag scene at 4am in the morning in LA. And the thing that was making the bag move was this enormous hairy acted gripe with him. Who just thought I was completely insane. I was just a young filmmaker, you know? And there were people walking by thinking, 'Your guy, making a student film.'

UWiler: Surely it was trickier than that, though?

Mendes: Basically, the character has shot the plastic bag with a digital screen and he's done it in a pecking bit. First of all the pecking bit was wrong – the wall didn't look good. Then the bag didn't really dance in the way that I wanted it to dance. And I couldn't get it right. Then I realised I needed not just the bag, but something else moving in the frame. And so I put a head of dead leaves in. I know it sounds silly but when you see it, the bag is not the only thing dancing, it's the leaves too. They're little leaves, really. And the moment I did that and changed the colour of the wall, it worked.

UWiler: What did you learn from making *American Beauty*?

Mendes: I was so determined, when I set out, not to make a film play. I wanted to make it as far apart from freedom as possible. I've always thought that theatre is not the director's medium; it's the actor's medium. I think film is a director's medium. You tell the audience how to look. There are only four shots in the whole sequence. Weirdly, I've found it less interesting to be controlling as I've gone on. I think the danger of the style of filmmaking in that it can be very cool and very clinical. The composition of shots takes some of the load from the performance, it's very controlled. And I was very comforting. We wasn't allowed to move. I told to them, you look down, you reach over, you pick up his hand, wait two beats, then look him. I was that precise about it.



AWAY WE GO

BY
JENNIFER
WATSON

WILL & GRACE
CARRIE
CARRIE
CARRIE

The screenwriting debut of literary sensation Dave Eggers and his wife/spouse Wendie Walz, *Away We Go* was never going to be serious. In fact, the script is laughful, funny and closely structured with several moments of genuine emotion.

Depicting their first child and finding themselves unmoored in their current home, Bart and Monica (John Krasinski and Megan Mullally) decide to embark on a road trip across North America in search of a way of life that suits them while rejecting themselves along the way. In other words, it's a slow case study of marriage.

This is a film for us, apparently. We have to sit, folk, shop organic, peer analyze our interpersonal interactions and wait until our red-strings-to-hell babies

"You even if you happen to be a member of the denigrating bourgeoisie, celebrated, the exemption that Bart and Monica's life choices limit by extraneous those of the filmmaker represent the one true path is a tolerably arrogant, it sets the whole thing off balance. If you've ever been curious as to why the American film depicts itself, watch this. You'll soon understand. The film asks, 'Who are the good people?' But instead of leaving the question open, it resoundingly confirms: *marriage always comes back, we see.*"

As the happy couple continue their journey they encounter extreme examples of how Not To Be: Bart's free-spirited, self-involved parents (Jeff Daniels and Catherine O'Hara, a mostly receding figure of Monica's (Alison Janney on up funny) and

her depressed husband, and LN (Maggie Gyllenhaal), a happy earth mother and childhood friend of Bart's. "You're a terrible person," Bart chides LN, yet all of the excellent supporting cast deliver such perfectly pitched, hilarious and human performances that you may find yourself rebelliously taking their side.

Some have called this the anti-*Breakfast at Tiffany's* (because of its relaxed depiction of a couple in love, and it is probably blended theatre background that we have to thank for the film's success as capturing the intimacy of a couple in a real relationship. The *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* did it better. But *Away We Go* is still extremely far from new-rom cliché.

For the involvement of Monica

also adds an incongruous production line to a film that is so obviously desperate to be original. This is a film focused on marriage, sure, but it's not made from 100 per cent pure ingredients. *Away We Go* is the cinematic equivalent of innocent anecdotes in a series to talk like 'up', while all the time inducing us to another consumer demographic: Ellen Barkin.

Anticipation: When you're happy about the marriage of Bart and Monica, the marriage of Bart and Monica is also going to be relevant. **B**

Depression: Long and hard, and not really serious, but the audience of marriage is a constant struggle. **B**

In Marriage: It's a marriage with better new friends than old friends of the (Barkin) to the (Barkin) (Barkin). **B**



31 NORTH 62 EAST

DRAMA
January 27

STORY BY
JAMES GUNN
CAST BY
JAMES GUNN

THE CRIMSON WING: MYSTERY OF THE FLAMINGOS

NATURE
January 27

STORY BY
JAMES GUNN
CAST BY
JAMES GUNN

Mammalian political cinema may have lost its way in recent years, but the barle isn't over yet. From roller footballers *Traitor* and *Lockhart & Locke*, this edgy political thriller places the British PM John Maynard as the archetypal villain who kickstart an SAS unit in order to secure a multi-billion pound arms deal and thus his re-election. Not so much anti-war as it is anti-government, this is a film unafraid to confront the decisions made by the powers that be. This is fiction, however, and as such there is no point pondering on how such scenarios force strong laws the nation's ties are mutual) means that the story stays fresh without being overly preachy. Charging headily into battle, *31 North 62 East* has messages to conquer its low-budget shortcomings, emerging braced but triumphant. **Aidan Woodward**

Displaying some of the world's stunning natural beauty while highlighting a threat of extinction, *The Crimson Wing* focuses on East African pink flamingos in Disney's first theatrical nature documentary in nearly half a century. This fascinating film shows the vast flocks of pink flamingos that breed on the isolated shores of Lake Natron in northern Tanzania. Visually amazing from the outset as the shocking pink birds clash with the clear blue sky, it documents the rare birds from the angles of their colour, to mating season, to a bigger and heavier breed whose hunger for sodium-rich soda causes a mass exodus. Even though narrator Marcella Frostup's dulcet tones can bring on the sea-sickness, it shows that pink flamingos don't just come in convenient cocktail glasses. **Liam Sait**



BORN IN 68

DRAMA
January 27

STORY BY
JAMES GUNN
CAST BY
JAMES GUNN

BUSTN' DOWN THE DOOR

DRAMA
January 27

STORY BY
JAMES GUNN
CAST BY
JAMES GUNN

The protons of May 1968 after mad scientist Catherine (Lorraine Goss), Yves (Charles Hester) and Hervé (Yann Treguer) a chance to indulge in free love. But changing scenes soon catch up with their teenage a-ton leaving Catherine to bring up her two children alone in a fragmenting commune. By the 1990s, when the kids are exploring their own sexualities, screenwriters Oliver Dixon and Jacques Marmont struggle to draw competing parallels between the protests of 68 and the fight for access to HIV drugs more than 20 years on. It's all in the spirit of unveiling Italian political drama *The Day of Wrath*, which was originally made for television. There's a sense that this lengthy family saga might also be best enjoyed as an episode TV drama. **James Mink**

This documentary tells the story of a group of young, fence-hungry Antipolese surfers who descended on Hawaii in the 1970s and helped take surfing from a counter-culture hobby to a lucrative career. Although you'd expect emerging movie eyes from better looking stars desperately trying to steal their names in the history books, the film avoids this indignity with engaging characters, an informative narrative and tons of awe-inspiring archive footage. The now middle-aged protagonists, including Robbie Bartholomew and Shaun Barman, recount their own antics with wit and a hint of sadness (then taking the film beyond a mere back-slapbing 'br' down to an entertaining education in the history of pro surfing). **Ed Andrews**



CHEVOLUTION

VIDEO
2011

With its mix of historical and contemporary images, this film is a journey into the heart of the Che Guevara myth.

This light, evocative documentary about the iconic photograph of Che Guevara as the Guerrillero Pensive charts the history of an image that has taken a journey every bit as strange and fascinating as Guevara's own. Shot by Alberto Korda Diaz, the original photo features a distant frame and Guevara wearing what looks uncannily like a Michael Jackson 'Thriller' jacket. Left in a drawer for years before falling into the hands of a left wing Italian publisher, it spread around the globe, popping up on posters, walls and eventually T-shirts. With contributions from Gerry Adams and Gael García Bernal, this angry film investigates what Che's image has come to represent, and whether its unchecked use has sold out his legacy or given him a power that transcends politics and dogma. **Adam Lee Davies**



JE VEUX VOIR

VIDEO
2011

With its mix of historical and contemporary images, this film is a journey into the heart of the Che Guevara myth.

Visiting Beirut for the first time, French cinema icon Catherine Deneuve wants to see the destruction wrought on the region by decades of civil war and Israeli bombardments. She finds a sympathetic guide in gentle local actor Rabih Mroué. He drives her around the city and then to the village in southern Lebanon where he grew up. There are many extraordinary moments here – a monologue from *Agile de Joss* delivered in Arabic, Israel's 'imaginary model', and the futility of Mroué's search in his memory and a place of utter destruction for his grandmothers' home. It's unusual to use these scenes of TV news or war movies captured after the event, in beautiful HD. *Je Veux Voir* is testament to a world where setting up a camera tripod as a passive act of aggression. **Jonas Mills**



BLIND DATING

VIDEO
2011

With its mix of historical and contemporary images, this film is a journey into the heart of the Che Guevara myth.

"You know what I've just realised? This is actually blind dating," cracks Danny (Chris Pine), a 23-year-old blind man who, despite being blessed with charm, intelligence and wit, let's his disability come between him and his need for a loving relationship. Pitted to fight off the advances of a psychologist (Jane Seymour), Danny falls in love with a nurse, Lena (Anushka Jay), a virgin staring down the barrel of an arranged marriage. Alongside painting colorful people as psychos, *Blind Dating* also manages to be an incredibly nuanced 45 minutes-in which emotions are replaced by aggressive ironic cues to force the viewer to care for characters that are paper thin. Made almost three years before Pine took up the hot seat of the *Starship Enterprise*, this is a cynical cash in. **Luzanne Salt**



THE AGENT

VIDEO
2011

With its mix of historical and contemporary images, this film is a journey into the heart of the Che Guevara myth.

Adapted by Martin Wager from his own play, *The Agent* is a celebration of dogged determination against all odds – both in terms of production – it was shot over 10 days for just £26,000 – and subject matter. A battle between creative vision and corporate reality sees a frustrated author (Stephen Kennedy) pushed to his limits by the chairman of his agency (William Bredt). As the story unfolds into a dark comedy of blackmail and double-cross, so the film reveals itself to be a damning commentary on the state of modern publishing. But *The Agent* is less troubling than that face: thanks to the insurance pot on director Lesley Manning by budget and more. But as a piece of small-scale British filmmaking it is an interesting enough diversion. **Nikki Beagham**

CHAPTER FIVE

in which we discuss

THE MEDIUM OF FILM

IN ITS MANY

mesmerizing forms

THE

BACK SECTION

25



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JON P. CAM

8000

CONFUSED BY ALL THIS
TALK OF NEW TECHNOLOGY
OPENING UP FILMMAKING
TO THE MASSES? YOU
DON'T HAVE TO BE, THANKS
TO OUR ULTIMATE GUIDE TO
INDIE FILMMAKING GEAR



THE 20 PAGE

LET'S FACE IT, IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO SPEND AT FILM SCHOOL—SO WHERE DO YOU TURN FOR A PROPER EDUCATION WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO FIND OUT A MAG OF CELLULOIDE AND FRANCES FORD COPPOLA HAS STOPPED RETURNING YOUR CALLS? FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, TIMEZ HAS EMPOWERED THE TALENTED TWENTI-FIRST-CENTURY TALENT AND INSTANT GRATIFICATION, AND UNZIPPED DOWN THE MOST COMPLEX AND COLLABORATIVE ART FORM EVER CONCEIVED INTO YOUR COUCH-BOULEVARD YOU COULD FIT IN YOUR IPHONE SCREEN. THIS IS



WILL IT STAY SOUND AS A PHONE?

The smart person on every film set is the sound recorder. Perhaps that's why, whenever they try to tell the director that a plane overhead is about to cut a crucial chunk of dialogue, they usually get dismissed with a light wave of the hand. However, audio may be the last thing filmmakers worry about, but it's the first thing audiences notice if it's not up to par. So before you even reach for the camera, make sure you're invested in a proper boom and a couple of mics, since a decent mixer and someone who can actually fiddle the knobs is the right direction.



WILL IT GO FOR THE GLASS LOOK?

An untrained eye can hardly separate the differences between the various HD video and film formats.

But your audience really will not let up to whether or not you've used a decent set of lenses. When a lens is too close, it has the advantage of offering you a variety of shot sizes without too much effort. It also helps your image looking flat and without a focus. Get yourself a decent fixed lens and suddenly you're able to see your preferred focal point draw the eye of your viewer towards the right part of the screen, and give the whole composition a greater sense of depth.

The best news? The new Canon SD Mark II is a video camera in the shape of a Digital SLR, so it doesn't require a lens adapter to take a desired piece of glass on the front. That means access to a world of top-quality stills lenses as a feature of the uses of a traditional set of film pieces.





FILM SCHOOL

RULE #3: LET THERE BE LIGHT

Anyone who's been a student in an advanced film class will tell you the golden rule of filmmaking: perfection is in the lighting. It's so important that you need to make the most of what you've got — whether that's using a roll of tape that as a teacher found, or writing a script that can be shot entirely during daylight hours. It also means making sure you give your camera a fair shot at having available light in a concrete plot. So while the rest of the world is looking for adapters on the floor of their cameras for that "film look," remember that going down that route usually leads you two i-chips on the camera, and leaves you paying for compensation from a decent lighting set-up. That means more

equipment, less cash, and a host of other problems. Fortunately, the Canon 40 Mark II mentioned above has the low-light capability to shoot in a minimal situation without having to break out or shut in an extra candidate.

RULE #4: ALWAYS HAVE YOUR GEAR

As important as it is, only half the production is could have been. So why not do? Spend \$200 just per hour making a professional editorial push a movie around his desk? Or even \$250 of your hard earned bucks in the Magic Bullet video grading plug-in for Final Cut Pro? Sure it's more spending you won't make the difference between the best, but if you need to

with out a lot of camera equipment, or need a lot of gear, it's your movie when you could do a whole lot worse. Most about with this could a videotape, or that many are those tapes you'd always wanted to try. It's in the knowledge that the video camera is never far away.



ATP DIARY

WITH JENNIFER CARPOTTE'S JUPITER WILLAGER ON DVD IN OCTOBER, WE SENT CHRISTIAN BARNES, 15, HIS OWN RECIPE FOR ALL-TREATMENT PARTIES.



Go refer to Milwaukee. Get nostalgic about family holidays in Boston. Wonder whether the black hole water theme is still there.



At the gym we tested the program's conflict-paired play mode with a jolt, the real step line for every solid play. Check out the Olympic trial and realize they started the challenges first.



Was the buzz off of the child out of all the real ones just meant to go without the flying football crowd that the Florida neighbors' first night isn't just for two hours but 100 days.



Arrive at a familiar cabinet with the new Health Flipping and average while the flow remains focused and steady, leaving the something in the hand.



Take the time to get the event in York but they don't even in to bring it. After the 10-minute lesson at the end of every two-hourly play to make your own (adults) via.



Message to someone in a message. DVD is the answer in an every initiative. Take action in film and clips, and Dave.



Down board around with the guests you'd expect from a British's Got Talent winner playing a Royal Variety performance.



Goa hundred metres from my front door, Marie Stern is disappearing into her closet. We're basically neighbors. Excited.



There's a lot of fun to make my own (and a lot of fun to make my own) playing in a better time than when you played a game. All my friends really do not see the problem. Let's be well. It's a lot to find but there can't be a lot.



In fact, there's more the stage it seems to me how comfortable and happy most of the kids are. The more it's out for the best (and looking for it).



Head to bed, but only after discovering that ATP is not too cool for the dance at the Gray Horse. Bingo starts in 12 hours time...



Bluebird out of bed then head to the pool, whopping off at the arcade for a quick go on the two-piece machine.



Biggest Meant by a very dark and hugely offensive caller. Get two times and with a selection of Glee. Good times!



Take a stroll along the beach with my friend Adam. Stevie rock legends (Stevie are playing tonight and he looks like an excited child).



Alejandro performance from Young Marble Giants... Clearly followed by the best act of the weekend, Grizzly Bear of Warp Records.



Back to the chair for food. Decide to give Meral a mile after eating. Labyrinth is an ATP TV.



Autism after watching a film at a festival, head out for back-to-back Errors. Marie Stern and Jesse Lizard.



Was not by any playing one of the best performances ever. The greatest but also 14 copies. They will be difficult tonight. Tomorrow is a bit strange.

An interview with ATP producer Luke Marsh will be available online in the week of the DVD release. www.aertristat.com

[illegible][illegible]

AN AT-A-GLANCE GUIDE TO THE DVDs COMING YOUR WAY OVER THE NEXT TWO MONTHS. FOR FULL REVIEWS OF ALL THESE FILMS, HEAD OVER TO WWW.LITTLEWHITELIES.CO.UK ON THE WEEK OF RELEASE, OR SIGN UP FOR OUR WEEKLY NEWSLETTER



BY ED ANDREWS, MATT BUCHENSKI, ADAM LEE DAVIES, PRISCILLA KYLES, JAMES MANSFIELD, KINGSLEY MARSHALL, DERMOT RICE, LILIANA SALT, IAN VIGGARS, ADAM WOODWARD

AVAILABLE AUGUST 31

ANTARCTICA 01 UNICORN VIDEO KTAG004

The hero of Disney's recent noble warner Eagle Africa, this multi-level Japanese adventure poem charts the true story of a brave's hairy adventures and the harder than first lady steps they valiantly attempt to find for themselves for a whole year on the icy tundra. **A**

ENCOUNTERS AT THE END OF THE WORLD 007 UNICORN VIDEO KAT010

Reimagined stranger in a very strange land is this journey to Manhattan Station, some 2,000 miles south of New Zealand. The crew found the US coastline of America research station, and the film captures that not with the usual trappings of subtle documentary, but the scientific nature of those in this black domain. **B**

DIARY FOR MY CHILDREN 016 UNICORN VIDEO KAT015

Winner of the Special Jury Prize at the 1984 Cannes Film Festival, this unique portrait of 1940s Hungary's harrowing experience, semi-documentary film story from one of Europe's most acclaimed female directors. **B**

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AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 7

TIME REMAINED 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT016

Based largely on the final volume of Freud's *Remembrance Of Things Past*, this totally filmed serial drama depicts Freud's wedding past lives, hopes, experiences and failures. An impressive cast features Rebecca Blum and John McLaughlin. **B**

WAVEMEN 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT017

This documentary tells the story of surfing's supposed link with the film industry as John/Rebecca George Fourth - who helped reintroduce the United States to the early twentieth century - and his son through the present day hip-week surfing of the shores of the Emerald Isle. **B**

CHUN IS MISSING / BUN SUM 001, 002 UNICORN VIDEO KAT018

Wayne Wong is as comfortable with visual pleasure as the Mel in *Manhattan* as more into his. These volumes have more to do with his brother's through, *Seven: The Joy Lost Film*, and are heralded as being part of the way for more realistic cinematic portrayals of the immigrant experience. **B**

000000 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT019

Visually evocative, and spine and free-flying further get a long take in a film-length. Produced for the 200 generation. Based on a novel by the manga author Osamu Tezuka, it's a story of a boy's idea of technology, science, and the way to learn. **A**

DYNAMIC 00: THE BEST OF DAVID LYNCH 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT020

This collection of the typically bizarre about film drawn from Lynch's collections-only works features the director sculpting a love and going on a last ride. Also included are three feature-length experiments as well as a USA edition and introduction to each of the shorts. **B**

BUTTERFLY KISS 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT021

A unique world of real music, Mark comedy out feature love story from Amanda Plummer plays Lucille, a musical world killer who enters a new young girl (Gloria Reaver) against the black history of Lorraine. **B**

IT'S ALIVE 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT022

A remake of Larry Cohen's 1974 cult classic starring Eliza Doolittle, partly based on the original plot but with less gore, while providing a necessary tale of drug use and processing. There's it's not that easy. **B**

MARABONA BY KUSTURICA 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT023

That Kusturica shows himself as a story to Marabona tells you mostly all you need to know about this film. Kusturica pays more love to Marabona's inextricable political chaos than his fascinating, wonderful side, being something the writer of class. A self-indulgent and pretty or soaked documentary. **B**

oooooooooooooooooooo

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 14

SOUNDS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT 001 UNICORN VIDEO KAT024

Justin Jay Jackson studied across a culture of for action in the *Junior* (Beverly) (Greg Cipes). Can't pretend to make the most recent documentary of the year (telling us about the experience, from across Europe as they look to the film *Quarantine* (B)). **B**



FAMILY AFFAIR



CARLOS AND ALFONSO CUARÓN IN CONVERSATION.

Back in 2001, *Alfonso* and *Carlos Cuarón* took the indie world by storm with *Y Tu Mamá También*, a brilliant, humane and perfect coming-of-age movie starring Gael García Bernal and Diego Luna. With the world at his feet, Alfonso landed the call from Hollywood, embarking himself as the go-to guy for a new breed of Mexicanism with the third Harry Potter movie last in 2004, and *Children of Men* in 2006. *Alfonso* follows Mexican filmmaker Belén as in *Alfonso*, *Carlos* and *Alfonso* Cuarón recently founded production company Che Che Che, whose focus on Mexican filmmaking has brought the full circle, once again working alongside his brother, Carlos, on *El Norte*, a brilliant comedy about sibling rivalry in a hot, sunny, sunny April. *Carlos* and *Alfonso* and *Diego Luna*. We caught up with both of them as the film was in its release on DVD and Blu-ray on October 10.

Cuarón How much of the brotherly conflict in the film is an *ideological*?

Carlos Well, one of it. It's more about character and the fact that brotherhood is universal. We all have a brother or a sister, and the way you relate to them is pretty close to the way I relate to my own brother and sister. And you know, human relationships are a lot of power, playing, depending on the situation, it's all about this.

The show is a lot of things, especially in this world of Twitter. Is it your kind of social media?

Carlos It is. I mean, especially in an issue in every society. I think it's important that in different ways in different countries. It's not that you don't have computers here. It's about you do - just look at what happened in your Facebook or so.

Alfonso There are computers! Only because people have computers. But here, it's not the same thing. It's a different issue. Here it's always.

Carlos There when *Five World* comes like to think, you know?

That's how computers in the world and things like that.

Alfonso They don't have it. They have it.

Carlos Yeah, I mean.

Do you think you could make a similar film about the world of filmmaking in Mexico? Is it a story to the same way?

Alfonso You could do it in Hollywood, but not in Mexico.

How much of the film is about the world of filmmaking?

Alfonso I do it all the time. It's a hard, it's hard to say.

Do you ever get into the world of the Western, or Hollywood, or the world of filmmaking?

Alfonso Yes. What I enjoy is I like cinema and I like video of American. Little American cinema is so diverse. The last few years there have been several films made about the world of filmmaking. There's obviously the more condensed cinema like *Laurel and Hardy* and *Charlie Chaplin*. There is the more hardcore stuff like *King of the Hill* and *George Clooney*. There's a lot of that kind of stuff. I'm not sure if it's the same thing, but it's a different kind of thing.

What is in your love about cinema?

Carlos I love cinema.

Alfonso Is there anything? I did not have with world cinema, because it's not.

Carlos That's what I love about it - you sleep there and it's like you're in the world of cinema, you're in the world of cinema, you're in the world of cinema.

GUILLERMO ARRIAGA



Previously best known as the writing hand of the homecoming duo behind *Amores Perros* and *Y Tu Mamá También*, Guillermo Arriaga has struck out on his own with directorial debut *The Burning Plate*. Set mostly on the Mexican-US border, it's a sweetly structured and beautifully photographed melodrama featuring standout performances from Charlize Theron and Jim Carrey. Here, that clerk, Blarney! That's the sound of a gunshot hitting the floor. *The Burning Plate* is out now on DVD and Blu-ray. We decided it was high time we spoke to the man himself.

LW: Why did you decide to make the movie after directing on the past 16 years screen?

Arriaga: Directing is something I always wanted to do. I thought I lacked the technical knowledge, but I began producing films and realized I could do it. Then I got into a very nasty situation with my former partner and I decided to direct my own film and find my own way.

So there's no hope of another collaboration between you and Tarantino?

Arriaga: It's completely over. I have no intention of working with him again. It's a relationship that was completely over a long time ago. We lost along time. In *The Border*, they didn't talk to each other, but they kept making records.

T's landscapes in *The Burning Plate* are a very strong. Did you have particular areas in mind to shoot?

Arriaga: I'd never been to the coast of Mexico for example, but I decided to easily go to it in the film. Instead of going to locations and adjusting, I'd say, "Now I have to find what I have in my head."

You keep coming back to these stories of interconnecting lives, what is it about that way of structuring a film that appeals to you?

Arriaga: When I began writing at the age of 23, I found that every story has a end that goes to be told in its own way. I like this Hollywood idea that on page 50 you have to have X and on page 60 you have to have Y. It's not the way life happens. In the real world, circumstances that put in touch people that otherwise would never meet. Right now you could walk out of here, get in your car and run over someone, and a complete unknown suddenly becomes part of your life. I am interested by that.

What do you think about the current state of the Mexican film industry?

Arriaga: If we were playing baseball, I think that our batting average would be very high. We make very few films, of these few films we have films that have been influential in the film community. From very hard art kind of films like Carlos Reygadas. Just to be of course, *Amores Perros* or *Y Tu Mamá También*. You cannot imagine how happy I am that sometimes someone comes up to me and says, "I know *Amores Perros* influenced my film." I have people from everywhere telling me that. And at the same time there is a commercial Mexican cinema that is offering the other kind of cinema to Mexico to grow. So I'm happy about the situation in Mexican cinema. (2.5/5) JAV

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS



From the depths
of the sea...

A TIDAL WAVE
OF TERROR!

THE BLAST FROM THE CRAB MONSTERS





THE FRONT LINE — LAWRENCE PEARCE

This month we have focused our attention on getting my forthcoming feature film, *Shiny*, due to start principal photography in October. There are various factors that come into play during the process.

Casting sounds like it should be a frustration-freebie style game of picking your favorite actors and actresses for the various roles on offer, buying them and then sending them off into the field to watch your inspired team select the strongest their way to an impressive victory. Should Christine Scott play lefthand or upthand in case strike? Well, even after you've spent hours debating, and sometimes hanting, with your producer for which actor you believe should be approached to play which roles, there's a risk myriad of other hurdles to jump.

Let's say you and your producer agree that Guy Pearce would make the perfect villain, reminiscent of a Hitler. Then you need to clear with the distributors that have either pre-bought your film or that you are hoping to sell to, whether they are comfortable with his commerciality, his

audience draw in relation to his role in the film and the budget. If they agree, then it's time to contact the agents whose job it is to say no to everything by default.

It somewhere you can envision the agent that the distributor would be guaranteed to be financed more (agents rarely even look at a project that isn't greenlit), then the agent will decide on how suitable the project is for their client, but even importantly how suitable the fee is to their pocketbook. Only if they and their boss will they then send the script on to Guy Pearce. Now you're facing your next, hoping the actor that you believe will help is right for your picture—doesnt really is right for the distributor, and financially is right for the budget. Does the script enough to connect. You have asked along budget already to reach this level and still it could be a waste of weeks of negotiating and pleading if Guy just isn't that convinced by the story.

Let's say he thinks the script is great. He may still pass on the transaction of the director or may not be available during the shoot dates

or may even have something against one of the centers. And finally, even if Mr. Pearce agrees to play the hell against all odds, I can guarantee you one of the following will happen to those one best speaker in the world. Either the agent will suddenly demand more money or the distributor will suddenly dig up some obstacle showing that Guy's last film — released in the time it took you to encourage his interest — didn't do good figures, and will therefore claim to be no longer commercially bankable. Back to square one.

Now imagine this whole process multiplied by the number of lead and supporting roles in the average movie and you'll see how casting is a full time job in itself. Big budget movies can afford top dollar casting directors and agencies. Working on a modest indie budget, even though we have indirect support from a casting director, we have had to make a large chunk of the initial casting responsibility on our own shoulders. And now we have backlogs.

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Chapter SIX:

→ INCOMING
HOT or NOT?
TRACKING FUTURE
RELEASES
ON THE LIVES RADAR



AVATAR

INDUSTRY *James Cameron* (23 December 2009)

FOOTAGE Despite the fact that you already know about this by now, we'd be shaking our dirty dials didn't report every speck of *Avatar* news. Footage has streamed at Comic-Con and the world has... probably flipped out. While hopefully everybody gazed at their fatal IMAX on August 21 to catch the 16 minutes for themselves

THIRTEEN ASSASSINS

INDUSTRY *Julia Roberts* (28 July 2010)

NEWS While the problem goes into meltdown at the prospect of Sky Duple, Statham and the gang in *The Hitman's Wife's Body*, we're way more logged at the prospect of Thelma Houston's *Thelma Houston Assassins*. The plot couldn't be simpler: 13 women embark on a suicide mission to kill some evil dude... and we've barely heard of anyone who's in it. Still, sounds awesome, right?

BROTHERS

INDUSTRY *Jon Stewart* (23 December 2009)

FOOTAGE Awards bait or what junk? Former Spider-Man movie Jolie Gyllenhaal and Tobey Maguire play two brothers. When Maguire goes missing in Iraq, Gyllenhaal steps in to counsel her wife, Nicole Perelman. Having contemplated her all over the place to and behold, big two names back from the dead... and all psychological hell breaks loose.

THE GRANO MASTER

INDUSTRY *Wong Kar Yi* (28 July 2010)

NEWS Preparations for Wong Kar Yi's latest film have been halted with an abrupt crack. They're being managed to break his anti-doping pre-production. Seeing as he's supposed to be playing to him, legendary names to Bruce Lee, that's going to cause a few problems. *Wong* is now due to start in September.

GHOST BUSTERS 3

INDUSTRY *Jeff Goldblum* (23 July 2011)

NEWS Yes, it's finally happening... or at least it will be if everyone likes the script. Gene Rosenthal and Jeff Goldblum are on writing duties. They're the last behind America's version of *The Office* (which was pretty good), and the miserable *Star Trek* as it's hard to say how optimistic we should be.

WORLD WAR Z

INDUSTRY *Ben Stiller* (28 July 2011)

NEWS Matthew McConaughey is a writer on the top with *Star of Hope*. Love Rio Lando and *The Ring* already under his belt. Now he's been asked to adapt *Miss Brooks*'s fictional history of a zombie apocalypse. Never heard of *Miss Brooks*? Check out the *Warner Bros.* version of *USC* to refresh your memory.

ROBIN HOOD

INDUSTRY *Clay Aiken* (23 July 2011)

CASTING Danny Huston is the latest name to join Scott's band of merry men. Last seen as the villainous General Stryker in *RoboCop*. Huston will now play about King Richard the Lionheart. Ridley's power has been floundering around a like castle in *Flowers* but after so many changes of direction the film itself may be equally flimsy.

MONEYBALL

INDUSTRY *Ben Stiller* (28 July 2011)

CAST It's all been looking off over the number crunching baseball film. All or running in a draft to Sony Screen Sederberg get the greenlight with *Red Pet* onboard. Then it all went top. *Remedy* and *point-counter* have avoided blaming an unpopular new draft from *Sederberg* and even the track of *Pet* himself. The project is now on the backburner, and apparently *Nasty* Ror are publishing the inside story soon.



WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

FOOTAGE Comic-Con drew out a treat for those of us eagerly awaiting Joss's next project: a three-screen featurette combining new footage and interview. Misuzu Serita is clearly a fan of what Joss has done, but a grimace on her Dave Eggers' comment that caught our attention, stating that the project will be firing the bomb.

LOVE AND OTHER DRUGS

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

CASTING Following their scores together in *Boys n the Bushes*, Misuzu, John Gyllenhal and their again team up with Anne Hathaway for *Love and Other Drugs*. Gyllenhal will play Joss's brother, the doctor's assistant whose secret love book revealed the truth about his competition in the Viagra industry.

FOUNDATION

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

NEWS Roland Emmerich used his appearance at Comic-Con to talk up *Foundation*—the film in a trilogy of Isaac Asimov's apocalyptic. Emmerich has hired Peter Ryan as producer Robert Rother for scripting duties, so hopefully this will be better than the lamentable *I Robot*.

SOMEWHERE

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

FOOTAGE Stephen Dorff has been talking up his forthcoming collaboration with Sofia Coppola, promising something special. Dorff got up a Hollywood star considered by his 11-year-old daughter. Rumors regarding an appearance by Benicio Del Toro have also been confirmed, but apparently it'll just be a cameo.

BLACK SWAN

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

CASTING It seems that Rebecca has been put off with a year of ballet. As a result, she delayed his arrival while he concentrates on *Black Swan*—a supernatural drama about two rival dancers. Mika Rusanen has just signed on to appear as Natalie Portman's nemesis. Shooting starts this morning.

THE FIGHTER

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

IMAGES Melissa Leo is the latest addition to the bag of Jim Jarmusch's *Walt* with the first pic showing a bloody and heinous *Walt* in the role role. Meanwhile, *D. Russell*'s persona like the excellent *Walt*, continues to linger in development hell.

TRON LEGACY

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

FOOTAGE It takes a whopping 27 years for Disney to finally set out a sequel to the third dance. *Tron* is the first images—screened at Comic-Con, back and mostly dark. Jeff Bridges is reprising his role, while his son will be played by Garrett Hedlund. *Tron* and *Del Perle* are doing the same.

DUE DATE

REVIEW *July 10th* **PG** *Screen 2010*

NEWS Judd Apatow's *The New Judd Apatow* Following the success of *The Muppets*, the comedian has quickly been signed up for a whole slew of buddy comedies. First up is *Due Date*—a road movie star with Robert Downey Jr. bumping through a snowstorm to reach his pregnant wife. Zach Galafianis also stars.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

IMAGES *Jan. 23 (PG-13)*

There's a scumbag nether-dwelling about Miss Lucie, egg-shaped Therese Deen, and Tereadie Dee. The Alice images released thus far look impressive, but Bentons' wonderland will have to go some way to beat Disney's 1951 canon. The first trailer is out now to take a look and judge for yourself.

MONEY NEVER SLEEPS

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

It seems that even Oliver Stone is losing the credit crunch, as he's currently working on his first movie sequel: *Wild About a Boy*. Biopics will find Michael Douglas appearing the worse wife of Gordon Glick, appearing alongside Javier Bardem. *Star Trek* will be everything these days, and cover girl Carey Mulligan.

A SERIOUS MAN

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

The new trailer for the Helen Coen business flick is pretty damn awesome. Sick and reprehensible, featuring her own production design and brilliant cinematography, it looks like the Coens have given full rein to what to the side and quirk of their Jewish heritage with the story of a serious man having an emotional crisis. The poster is cool, too.



BRIGHTON ROCK

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

Details are thin on the ground for Conrad star Sam Riley, a musician to be playing psychotic gangster Pinkie, while Andrea Riseborough admitted so far that she's not Carey Mulligan, will be playing opposite him. The first film became famous for stage-coding the novel's downbeat ending, but perhaps they'll stay sour this time.

SCOTT PILGRIM VS. THE WORLD

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

The virgin punk and his red boots are among the recent viral hits thrown out by Edgar Wright on his Scott Pilgrim phone blog. Meanwhile, combining his fan of comicbook work, Wright has confirmed that his next project will be Marvel's *Kinetic Art*. Joe Cornish is currently in work on a second draft of the script.

EXTRACT

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

Ten years after *Office Space*, Richard Linklater is taking the post-apocalyptic thriller gangster Mike Judge returns with *Extract*. For more available online about Owen Bierman, the owner of a factory working over here, featuring, with Mike Judge, a way new employees and an all but unrecognizable Ben Affleck as his happy friend. It's probably some who's chilled out and is going to be great.

THE GHOST

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

Since the judge has these air but his legal appeal has now died, Polanski is once again battling to court his 1976 award-winning case. It's an adaptation of Robert Harris' novel, which is a scathing, thinly veiled attack on Tony Blair's time in Number 10.

THE SOCIAL NETWORK

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

Facebook: The movie may soon be a phenomenon, according to producers Kevin Spacey. There's still been no confirmation that Fischer will direct, but internet word-of-mouth suggests that Aaron Sorkin's script is a real gem. Facebook CEO is getting the word in Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg.

WORLD OF WARCRAFT: THE MOVIE

IMAGES *Jan. 25 (PG-13)*

With a game that's been so successful, it's not surprising that it's now in the hands of the movie. It's a work on the same untold story of Warcraft, which is also in the hands of the movie. It's a work on the same untold story of Warcraft, which is also in the hands of the movie. It's a work on the same untold story of Warcraft, which is also in the hands of the movie.

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